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LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The night drew on, three* saints unknown
The weary traveler met alone,
Now climbed the rocky steep with pain,
Now groping wound the marshy plain,
Or grop'd their trackless forests round,
Where bramble spring and pitfall spread;
At length, three shouts that bared the way
Lent forth the blaze, with silver ray,
And lent he songs, in grateful love,
"Where dark below, is light above."

The three, that never yet hath said
"Enough," was with my hearth-kindled fire,
And as I bore it with bitter three
From its cold, desolate hush to go,
I marvel'd why a Hand Divine
Should enmarble has, lone hope of mine:
Yet since, as boy-insight wrote
"Where dark below, is light above,
I have a voice,—the voice of Love,—
"What's dark below, is light above."

Hartford, August 24, 1857.

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE OCEAN-SKATER," "THE STOWAWAY OF BOSCOBEL," "ALASKA, THE ICE-BOUND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TITCH'S LAST LESSON.

"You've kept your friend waiting, sir," said Margery, as Bion entered the kitchen where she and Jack sat.

"I couldn't help it, Aunty. I had just come to a subject so interesting that I could not leave it."

"A great subject, I guess?"

"So it was, Aunty. It was very interesting; and I couldn't leave it until it was finished."

"Oho—I'll warrant ye he'll never leave a book with a page unfinished if he can help it," interposed Jack. "He's a great hand at reading. I believe if the ship was a-sinkin' he'd stop to finish his chapter or verse."

Jack meant this for a joke; and as he directed it to Margery, and smiled very graciously, she felt pleased, and smiled, too; and her visitors departed, leaving her in excellent humor.

The two companions had just stepped from the stoop when a small boy, nearly clad and well covered with dirt, approached them from the alley that led to the street. He stopped, as he came near, and asked if they could tell him where Margery Grutt lived.

"Right in here," said Jack, pointing to the door behind him.

"Do ye's jes' come out from there?" asked the boy.

"Yes," returned Jack.

"Be there a cove in there ye is called Bion Bernard?"

"That's my name," quickly answered our hero.

"Oho—it be, eh?" uttered the messenger, rubbing his filthy countenance with the speaker's form. "Ye's a littler cove'n I thought ye. But p'raps ye know Barney Driscol?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well—he wants to see ye."

"Is he sick?" asked Bion, earnestly.

"Sick, eh?" the boy gave a comical leer at Jack as he spoke, and then, with an arrière look, with which told the dirt in thick ridges about the left eye—he added—"I guess you'd better sit 'im down for a night mighty worse out o' yer door'll hurry up yer hookin'. He's got a ticket right straight through for t'other world, an' that's a-goin' it fast. Come—I'll show yer the way."

With a cold shudder Bion turned to Jack and asked him if he would go.

"Sartin, I'll go."

"Why, ye ain't afeard to go alone, be ye?" asked the boy.

"Look ye, my sweet lad—you just clap a stopper on that eye-hawk-a' your's, or you'll find yerself with shoutin'-stars in yer head—remember."

The dirty messenger ran his eyes over Jack's stout, muscular form, and seemed to know his tongue to himself, for he turned on his heel and walked away. He turned his head as he reached the street, just to see if the two were following him, and from that time till he reached the place of destination, he neither turned nor spoke. He swung along, whistling as he went; now kicking bits of paper and light-cored fruit before him, and now stuffing a tantling dance to the tune he whistled; anon striking up a vocal strain concerning "Sally and Jack," and a "Preacher in black ;" and displaying in all his movements a freedom from conventional restraint which might have been refreshing had it not been for the exceedingly filthy state of the exhibitor.

The guide kept on up Catharine street to Chatham; thence to Orange; then on to Cross, on which, a few doors from Orange, he stopped before an old wooden house, and then turned to his followers.

"Here ye be, sailor-man and sailor-boy," he said. "Here's where ye'll find 'im. Here's what Ma'am Duncan lives, an' Mister Barney was her lo'ader. Haint we got a goodun down here? Ain't it slim? Don't we live in rich houses, eh? You'd better go in of yer goin'. Ef ye stop to bear me talk ye'll have to git a lease o' the sidewalk."

"Where is the sick man?" Jack asked this very quietly; but during the while he was edging his way up to the messenger, whom he caught by the arm with a grip that made him howl.

"Now, you just show me the way to Driscol's room, you young lubber!"

"Look a-here—shut yer gulp'n' give me nothink, or I'll show ye up!"

"You show us up first."

With that the young ragamuffin entered the house, and made them to follow him.

Bion had thought the home of Margery Grutt in about as dirty and filthy a place as there was in the city; but he found this locality so much worse, that the other seemed a paradise to it. It was terrible and it made him sick at heart. But his sensitivity to see his kind tutor in a measure overcame the effects of the surrounding wretchedness, and he intuitively keeping close to Jack he followed on.

The guide led the way to the second floor of the house, and having stopped before the first door he came to, he said :

"Here ye be. This is the room. Now gin me somethink."

Jack put his hand in his pocket and drew out half-a-dollar.

"What'll ye do with this if I give it to ye?"

"O—I'll buy bread for my poor mother, eh? She's sick, sir, and haint got a bit of bread, sir!"

"You're smarter chipper, sooner than I, for a boy with a sick mother."

"How can I help it, sir?" the boy whimpered, wiping his right eye with his ragged, dirty sleeve. "Ef I didn't be chipper I should die with so much misery. I sing, and whistle, and dance, sir, 'cause I'm so hungry, sir; and I cries to forget it, eh! Oh, won't my poor mother be glad when I give her so much! If all gentlemen would be so good, there wouldn't be so much suffrin' down here. There wouldn't, indeed, sir!"

Jack couldn't resist this. There was honesty and natural affection in the boy, after all. He added another half-dollar; and while he did this Bion took out the same—two half-dollars—and they gave them—two dollars in all—to the boy. He seemed almost beside himself at such gain; and struck into an extra double-shuffle ere he thought what he was up to.

"Now ye'll make a good use of that, me son."

"Oh, sir!" my mother, sir!—my poor, poor mother, sir! I shall cut her, sir, when I get to her. And who shall I tell her ye was, sir?"

"Tell her 'twas old Jack Wallace and Bion Bernard."

"I will, sir,—and she'll bless ye, sir. She'll pray for ye, sir!"

With this the boy turned and leaped down the cadaverous two steps at a time. When he reached the bottom he turned half about, and, not being aware, probably, that he was thereby somewhat positively watching him, he placed his thumb to his nose and made peculiar gymnery motions with his fingers.

"What does he do that for?" asked Bion.

"I can't imagine, I'm sure," answered Jack. "He's some new way of sayin' when you're happy, I guess."

"Hip, hip, hurry!" shouted the boy, as he dashed off into the street.

"He's very happy," suggested Jack.

After this they turned to the door and knocked, and presently a middle-aged woman came to and swept the summons. She was meanly clad, but yet clean, and even neat; and her face must at some time have been very pretty.

"Is Mr. Driscol here?" asked Bion.

"Yes. Do you the same be sent for?" The woman's voice was very pleasant.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well—come right in. He's well nigh gone—poor man! But he's a good man, gentlemen. This way, sirs."

The woman led the way into the first room, where there was a bed, a cooking-furnace of sheet-iron, and a few articles of other furniture; and passing on through this she entered a small bed-room where Barney Driscol lay.

Bion was shocked by the appearance of his old tutor. The dark eye was deeply sunken, but yet bright—unnaturally bright. The skin the other feature all were sharp-like and fitfiue. He reached out his hand and smiled, and when he had opened both his visitors he mentioned them to a seat.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, in a low, feeble tone. "The boy told you of Margery, didn't he?"

"Yes. He met us at the door."

"I'm glad he found you. But you must excuse me for sending such a messenger. I could find no other."

"O—he's a very well-disposi joned boy," said Jack.

"He can behave himself if he's a mind to," remarked Driscol. "He's a bright little chap, but I'm afraid he'll never make much. He has no one to care for him."

"He has a mother," interposed the old sailor, suggestively.

"No. He has no parents, and no home. He lives wherever he can find a hole to crawl into; and Margery takes him and will, and I fear, doing worse when he has temptation and opportunity."

"But are you ever he hasn't got no mother?" asked Jack, persuasively.

"Why—of course I'm sure. His father and mother both died in the city hospital of small-pox. But why do you ask?"

"Oughtn't in particular," stammered Jack, trying to hide his chagrin. "I only was a thinkin' that he ought to have a mother—that's all."

"Yes—he'd be better off, no doubt; though I should hope he might have a better one than he had before, and the women are kind when they own him."

Jack ventured to look into Bion's face, and Bion happened, at the same moment, to be making the same venture; and their mutual glances seemed to say—"Guess we'd better keep silent on this subject!"

Bion had just turned to the bed when Driscol was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, which came upon him with fearful power. Jack raised him up to a sitting posture, and though he coughed more easily than yet he was severely racked and shaken by the effort; and when it finally passed off he was so utterly exhausted, that it was several minutes before he could speak. At length he reached out and took Bion's hand again, and said,—"God bless you!"

A few moments after this he turned to Jack.

"Mr. Wallace," he said, speaking in a painful, trying whisper, "I found this lad a poor wandering waif of humanity, with the love of only one pure heart in neighborhood to rest on, and I took him. I found him needing instruction, and sanious to obtain it; and I became his teacher. During the happy months that we were almost every day, did what I could to enrich and improve his mind. Now I must leave him. I feel—I feel almost as though I had the right to do this; for I had been, to the first one in his life, truly a guide and tutor. Margery was nothing of that to him. While I was with him he never heard an impure thought expressed by me. I feel that he will not from you."

"He come be won't," cried Jack, eagerly. "I love him too well for that."

"I believe you. And, I do assure you, it gives me great pleasure to be able to believe it. You will be careful of him; let him read when his duty will permit it; and one of these days you will give to the world a man who shall be an ornament to it."

"That's jist what I mean to do," returned the old sailor, wearily. "That's the very idee, sir. All I hope is, that I may be spared to see him grow up."

"God grant that you may be! For Bion's sake, I pray God to spare you!"

As Jack turned away to wipe his eyes the invalid was seized with another fit of coughing worse than the first. They helped him up to a sitting posture, and at a motion of his hand the boy gave him a phial that stood upon the little table. It contained a cough-mixture, prepared with laudanum; and a little of it had seemed to help him on former occasions, but it had no effect now.

But it lasted some three minutes, though it seemed half an hour to them; and when it was passed he was very weak and faint, breathing with great pain and difficulty.

"Bion," he whispered, "you will tell Cora how I loved her. Oh! may God protect and bless the dear, beloved being! She is an angel, Bion—an angel! I would have sent for her, only I knew it would shock her to find me dying in such a place. You needn't tell her how you found me—only tell her where I have gone. It makes little difference now where the soul leaves its old worn-out tenement. Bion, you know what I told you last evening?"

"Yes," answered our hero.

"Well—I wanted to say one thing more. Aunt Margery!"

Another fit of coughing interrupted him.

For a long time the terrible spasms shook his frame; but finally they began to grow less. The cough was not so heavy, nor so frequent. A few more deep, rattling efforts, and the cough was gone. The invalid gave a low pray and sank back. His head rested upon the pillow, and his left hand was still in Bion's grasp

anything, only that her boy was decently buried. She was without money, and yet the boy was not only liberally buried, but buried where even your money wouldn't pay for burying Driscol. That's what struck me the most peculiarly."

"He was buried in a place where poor people could not be buried, I s'pose," suggested Jack.

"It is not necessarily so," responded Bion. "But he must have been buried where Mrs. Duncan cannot have a friend buried. That's the point, Jack. Just look at it: We know that money will open the gates of any burial-place which is not strictly private, and that no spot is so exclusive that a body may not be deposited in it for pay, except such spots as are already taken up for families."

"Yes—yes," said Jack—"I see. Though he saw nothing clearly as yet.

"But where the last of Mrs. Duncan's friends was laid, *the next one cannot be laid, even for money!*"

"Well. Go-ahead."

"Then don't you see that some one else must have buried her boy. He must have been put with another family. O—there are thousands of ways in a great city by which evil deeds are done, and evil deeds hidden!"

"But I don't exactly see what ye're drivin' at, me boy."

"Why—it's plain enough, Jack, that somebody wanted to make it appear that somebody else was dead and buried. A boy may have been murdered, and to hide the crime they found Mrs. Duncan's dead boy, and took him home with them, and then gave out that the murdered boy was sick and had died. By having the corpse of a boy of the same age they could carry out the deception easy enough."

"Oho—I see now. My eyes! what a chap you be to dig into such a thing, Bion."

"But it's very plain, Jack. If she hadn't said that Driscol couldn't be buried there, I shouldn't have thought so much of it. A rich man buried her boy—buried him in a nice place—to suit himself—but he *permitted* the mother to be present. She wouldn't have let him had the body only on the condition that she should be present! Don't you see how plain it looks?"

"Well—I declare—it does look plain now, Bion."

"I might not have thought of it so readily had I not read once of very much such a transaction."

This brought them to their hotel, where they took their dinner and supper all in one meal.

In the mean time Cora was carefully preparing for her flight. She had no compunctions at leaving her present home, for since Bion first left and went to sea, she had not been happy there only when Barney Driscol was with her, helping her on with her lessons. She thought of Barney, and wished he could go with her; and the only pang she felt was in the thought of going away without seeing him. She was thus pondering and reflecting when Margery came up. She heard the old woman's step upon the stairs, and when her door was opened she had a book in her hand.

"Ah, me leetle darlin', yer 'r readin' yet, eh?"

"Yes, Aunty. I love to read."

"Ye do? And ye've loved to have poor Barney Driscol teach ye, too, haven't ye?"

"Yes, Aunty—I have."

"Poor feller. He won't teach ye no more, darlin'."

Cora dropped her book and started up. The words came with an overpowering effect upon her. She knew her tutor had been very sick, and his words, when he was last with her, had given her warning of this.

"Is he dead?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes, me leetle darlin'. He died this afternoon. Bion and Jack Wallace was both there. They was sent for, and they went. Bion giv' Mrs. Duncan fifteen dollars to pay for the lessons poor Barney had given you. Wasn't he good?"

"Bion gave——? To pay for me?" uttered the girl, spasmodically.

"Yes. The poor woman hadn't got no money; and she had been a boardin' Barney for a long time—for more'n three years. She told 'em 'at he hadn't done no work to earn anything for ever so long. All he'd done was, to give you lessons 'cause he loved ye. So when Bion heer'd that he jest put his hand in his pocket and made her take fifteen dollars, which he said he gave her as so much due to Barney for teachin' you, and due from him to her for his board. And then Jack went and paid fifteen dollars more for the funeral expenses, so 't Barney might have good Christian burial. A little while arter Jack and Bion went away a man as has something to do with a charity society come in and said he'd been paid for doin' all the work of holdin' the dead man's funeral. He said Jack Wallace had paid him for it."

"Who told you all this, Aunty?"

"Mrs. Duncan has been around here herself. She wanted to see Bion."

"What for?" asked Cora, with natural curiosity.

"I don't know, exactly. She said she was tellin' him somethin' 'bout the death of her boy—a boy jest about his age. She acted kind o' funny about it. I couldn't make out what she was goin' to tell him, only I s'pected it was about her dead boy. I guess she was goin' to show him where he was buried."

"Why—what could she want to do that for?"

"I'm sure I don't know, me darlin'. P'r'aps she thought he 'd like to know. But I thought I'd jest come up and let ye know 'at Barney was dead, so 't ye wouldn't be expectin' him no more."

A silence of some moments ensued, during which Margery seemed to be pondering upon something she wished to speak about. Finally she looked into Cora's face, and, with an evident attempt to exhibit a carelessness which she didn't feel, she said:

"It'll be kind o' lonesome here now, wont it, darlin'? With Barney dead, and Bion gone off to sea. It'll be real lonesome."

Cora made no reply, but gazed steadily into Margery's face.

"It'll be dreffül lonesome, me leetle dear darlin'. You won't know what to do. I've been a thinkin' 'at perhaps ye'd better go into the country somewhere."

Cora saw through the old woman's design.

"I should like to go into the country very much," she replied. "Would you go with me?"

"I don't know. But if I didn't I could find a real good family as would take ye. It would be much better than to stay hived up in this place. Only think: Green trees and bushes, and flowers, and birds, and all them party things. Wouldn't it be nice?"

"O—very nice."

"Well—I think I'll let ye go, me darlin'. I know a real nice family as would be glad to have ye come and live with 'em. But I thought I'd jest come up and let ye know that Barney was dead."

With this Margery left the room.

For some time Cora wept with mourning grief for the death of her kind tutor. But when she became calm she felt glad that Margery had told her; and not only so, but she felt thankful that Barney had passed away while friends were near to see that his memory was honored. She knew that the sands of his life had nearly run out—that there was no recovery for him. This being the case she was thankful that she was thus relieved of the necessity of leaving him all alone.

By supper-time she was quite calm, and was able to converse with Margery without betraying any of the emotions she wished to keep to herself. The old woman talked about the country—praising its beauties and loveliness, and expatiating upon the advantages of country life. Cora ventured to ask if the country was so much finer in winter, because it was almost winter now.

"Aha—think o' the sleigh-rides, me darlin'."

Cora did think of them, and the glow came to her face, and a thrill of hope to her heart.

After supper the girl returned to her room, and began to pack up all the little things she wished to take with her. Bion had told her not to lumber herself up with any of her old clothes, and she concluded that she would not.

"I could wear this some, and thus save a better one," she said to herself, as she held up a thick woollen gown, which was faded and patched. "But Bion has plenty of money, and I know it will make him very happy to dress me well. Oh! good, noble Bion! I do love thee! God grant that I may always be worthy of thy love and honor!"

She put the old dress to her eyes and wept for some time. She could not help it. She was in one of those peculiar frames of mind when the least motion of the heart tips the tear-cup, and bedews the cheek.

Cora had several very fine books, and some small trinkets. Then there was her little desk and writing materials. But Bion had told her she had better not attempt to take them—they would be too cumbersome for her, and might be only the means of exposing her. So she concluded to leave them. But she took her books, and all the little compositions and duplicate letters she had written under Barney's tutorage. These she did up carefully with a few articles of clothing she had on hand which were very good, and which she could not wear away. When this was all done she undressed, placing her garments so that she should have no trouble in finding them, and having repeated her little prayer she got into bed.

At nine o'clock Margery came up and looked in.

"I am not asleep," said Cora.

The poor girl knew that the old woman had not always done as she should do; and she fully believed, moreover, that she was a hired party towards keeping her from her proper relatives; but yet she could not bear the thought of leaving her, probably forever, without saying one word.

"I've been thinking about the country, Aunty."

"Ah—have ye, me leetle darlin'?"

"Yes, Aunty."

"And what did ye think?"

"I thought if I should go away from you to live in the country I should always remember how kind you'd been to me;—and should pray for you; and should hope that you'd remember me!"

"So I should!" cried Margery, stooping over and kissing the girl. "And I wouldn't let ye go away into the country, only I know 'twill be for yer good, darlin'. O—I sartinly shouldn't let ye, only for that."

"I shall never forget you, Aunty. I shall always remember you; and if you ever wonder why I left you so readily, you'll remember that I had no friend here but you, and that I couldn't bear the thought of having you some day leave me among strangers!"

"O—I'll remember, me darlin'—I will, for sartin. Yer know it's only for yer good, sweet. There—good night."

"Good night!"

Margery kissed her again and then turned away, and as she reached the door she muttered—"It's only for yer own good, darlin'."

Cora felt better now. She had written a few words, but that was not sufficient. She wished to speak—to hold her old guardian by the hand—once more ere she left. She lay quietly in her bed until she heard the clock strike eleven, and shortly after this she arose and commenced to dress. The moon was up, and though its direct beams did not penetrate her chamber, yet it gave her more light, so that she could see quite well. When she was all dressed she sat down and gazed out upon the moon-lit roofs. She did not wish to be obliged to wait in the court.

At length, however, when she judged that it lacked only twenty minutes of midnight, she took her bundle from beneath the bed and removed the shoes from her feet. She had kept them on while she sat by the window, because it was cold for her feet without them. She opened her door carefully, and stepped out into the entry where she listened. The first sound which struck her ear was the deep snoring of Black Peggy, in the attic; and by moving nearer to the head of the stairs she was able to hear Margery's heavy breathing from below. Of course the woman was asleep.

With cautious tread the girl descended the stairs, being careful to place her feet as near the outer edge as possible so as to prevent the creaking. She reached the kitchen, where she found the moon-beams resting upon the floor, and streaming into Margery's little bed-room. She hesitated a moment, for she must pass that open door. But the heavy, steady breathing assured her that the hostess slept, and with a quick, noiseless movement she glided past.

The door which opened from the kitchen into the hall was fast, but only by a single bolt, which was moved back without noise. The hall was gained, and only the front door remained between her and liberty. It was secured by a lock and two bolts. The key was in its place, and having laid her bundle down, she turned it without further noise than a low, dull click. Then the lower bolt was pulled back; but the upper one she could not reach from the floor.

For a few moments she was startled. She must return to the kitchen and get a chair. She thought awhile—she remembered that she had no time to waste, and that what must be done, must be done quickly. So she glided back to the kitchen, where she had the good fortune to find a chair without passing the open bed-room door. She had just taken it up when Margery's voice broke upon her ear. Her first impulse was to drop the chair and flee; but fortunately she remembered herself in time, and remained quiet.

"It's for yer own good, me darlin'. Them folks 'll be real good to yer. O—I wouldn't let ye go only for yer own good!"

She was talking in her sleep—that was all. Cora understood it in a moment as she distinguished the words; and as soon as the woman ceased speaking she moved back to the front door. With the help of the chair she reached the bolt easily, and slid it back. She then got down and moved the chair away, and opened the door without further difficulty. The moon was shining brightly, and as she gained the stoop she saw two dark forms approaching from a dark corner of the court. She was not frightened, for by the contrast in size between the two, she knew it must be Jack and Bion.

"Have you got all, dear Cora?" the boy asked, eagerly.

"Yes. I am all ready."

"Then we are safe! Come—come. Oh! there's joy before us!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LAKE-SIDE COTTAGE.

Jack Wallace took Cora in his arms, and the little party started for the hotel, where they arrived in safety. The stage for Albany was to start at five o'clock, so they had not much time for sleep. Yet they had a room for the girl, and one of the black cooks remained up on purpose to take care of her, Jack having made a previous arrangement with her to that effect.

But Cora was soon in her new bed, and though there were strange, and almost wild emotions whirling through her mind, yet she was ere long overcome by fatigue, and sank into a sweet sleep. She had dreams; and they were pleasant ones—so pleasant that when the kind black woman came and woke her up, she wished she could have slept only long enough to have finished her dream. However, it was after four, and she must be ready in season. When she was all dressed she was conducted down to the breakfast room, where she found Bion waiting for her.

The fresh eggs, and nice, sweet butter, and the fragrant coffee, were very good, and she ate quite heartily. After the meal was over Bion led her into the parlor where she was to prepare. As they passed through the hall the door was open to the yard, and the frosty air came in chill and uncomfortable.

"It is very cold," said the girl, with a shudder.

"Yes. There is quite a frost on the ground," returned Bion.

"It will be cold riding, wont it? I didn't think how cold it was."

"But you can bundle up warm, you know, my dear Cora."

"Alas! I—— Yes—I can bundle up, Bion. O—I shall get along very well."

Bion understood the generous disposition which checked the complaint she was on the point of uttering, and he blessed her in his heart, though he spoke it not aloud.

When they reached the parlor Cora took up her straw hat, but Bion pulled it gently from her.

"Not that this morning, my dear. Here—this will be much better." And as he spoke he opened a small band box which stood upon the table and took out a fine fur hat, and one of much value.

"Why—Bion!"

"——sh! Only love me, Cora, and take it. I hope you did not think I would take you on such a journey without good warm clothing."

"I didn't think anything about it," returned the happy girl, with tears in her eyes.

"And now this," resumed Bion, throwing open a paper parcel, and taking therefrom a very handsome broadcloth cloak trimmed heavily with otter fur, and lined with silk. "Here—let me help you. Put in your arm here. There—don't that set prettily? Just look in the glass."

She looked into the large, low mirror, and for some moments she was totally unable to speak. She knew that she looked now just as those fortunate girls did of whom she had read. She felt how warm and comfortable the beautiful garments were, and she had just made up her lips to speak, when Bion pushed her gently back into a chair, and then kneeled down and slipped a pair of high fur boots upon her tiny feet. She waited until he had arisen, and then she sprang forward and threw herself upon his bosom, and there told the gratitude in tears which she could not tell in words.

"Oh! I am very happy!" she finally succeeded in saying. "How shall I ever repay you?"

"Only love me, Cora. Only love me. I ask no more."

"Love you? Oh! I pray Heaven I may not forget my Father there in my holy love for thee!"

"There, Cora," the boy cried, kissing her again, "I am much more than repaid now. But—hark!"

At this moment came the loud voice of the stage-driver——"*All aboard!*" And then followed the cry through the house—"*Stage! Stage! stage for Albany! All aboard!* Look sharp there!"

In a little while the passengers had all taken their seats. There were only six inside—three beside our little party—so they had plenty of room. It was very dark, and as they rolled away from the hotel Cora could only see the sombre walls of the great buildings. Ere long these were passed, and the eye now reached away into the open darkness on either hand. The sun burst over the landscape just as they were crossing King's Bridge, and as the coach-wheels struck the hard road again Jack informed his young companions that they had left Manhattan Island, and were now in West Chester county. Cora clapped her little hands with joy, for never before had her eyes dwelt upon a scene so lovely.

The foliage was not yet dead, and many of the trees still retained much of their green garb. The fields were not so verdant as in the warmer months, but to the freed prisoner they afforded such charms as she had never before even dreamed of. And then the broad river, which ever and anon flashed back the golden sunbeams through the openings in the trees; and the murmuring brooks; and the ponds; and the quiet farm-houses, all presented to her scenes of strange and startling interest. She clasped one of Bion's hands in her own, and murmured forth her thoughts in words of love and gratitude.

At ten o'clock the stage stopped to change horses, and Jack made arrangements for himself and companions to ride upon the outside. The sun was now well up, and the air was warm and agreeable, the soft breeze which came sweeping along from the southward and westward bearing upon its bosom all the sweets which Autumnal nature can afford.

Late on the evening of the second day the stage arrived in Albany, and on the following morning our trio took passage on board a fine canal boat for Montezuma. During this trip Bion and Cora enjoyed themselves much; only once in a while the girl would sink into a fit of deep thought and appear sad and troubled. Both Bion and Jack had noticed this while on the stage, but supposing it to be the result of having left an old home, they said nothing about it, but merely tried to overcome it by kindness and pleasant conversation.

"I shouldn't think Cora would be homesick at leaving such a place," remarked our hero to Jack. They stood near the cabin companion-way, while Cora was seated at some distance from them by the side of the boat. She was sad and troubled.

"Ah," responded Jack, with a shake of the head, "there's no tellin' how one may feel that's got sich a tender heart as she's got. Home is home, ye know, me boy."

"I know," said Bion. He thought a moment, and then added, with peculiar feeling,—"But *I* am with her. I should think——"

"Think what, me boy?"

"I don't know, Jack. I was thinking that she loved me well enough—to—to——"

"Aha—I see, me boy. Ye're afeared she don't love ye as ye hoped she did, eh?"

"O, no, Jack—not that," quickly returned Bion. "No, no. I know she loves me dearly. But—but—then I thought she would be more happy in my company."

"Why—you little fool!" uttered the old sailor, in a tone of sharp reproof. "What are ye thinkin of? Why—her bright eye is never so bright as 'tis when you are by her; and her only pure joy is when you are by to share it!"

This was considerable for Jack to say, and it fairly put him out of breath. He seemed to feel, after he had spoken, as one would feel who had accidentally "spoken aloud in meeting."

But ere anything further could be said the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the distance, accompanied by a man's voice, in loud, eager tones. The boat had left Schenectady some two hours before, and this appeared to be some one who had missed it. The vehicle was an open wagon, with two men in it, and drawn by a single horse; and one of the men was hallooing for the boat to stop, which was very soon done.

As the boat stopped Bion turned his gaze again upon Cora. She had started up from her seat, and was very pale and agitated. Both he and Jack were quickly at her side.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the youth, eagerly.

"O!—Let us go below!" gasped the girl.

"But what is the matter, Cora?"

She cast a frightened glance towards the coming wagon, and then sank upon Bion's shoulder, murmuring as she did so,—

"Oh! Don't let them take me back! I should die if they did!"

A strange pang smote upon Bion's heart. How he had wronged the pure being, even by his selfish thought.

"Take ye back?" repeated Jack, in surprise—"And have ye feared that?"

"O, yes. How could I help it?"

"And did ye think these people was a comin' arter ye, darlin'?"

"Aint they coming for me?" the girl quickly asked, taking hope from Jack's tones.

"A comin' for *you*? Why no. It's a man as has lost the boat. Why, what a leetle scare-crow! But come here, me darlin'—come here, both of ye—and sit down."

By this time the wagon had come up. A large trunk was lifted on board; then one of the occupants of the carriage followed it, while the other turned the team about and drove back, and the boat started on its way again.

"Tell me, bright-eyes," commenced Jack, "have ye been fearin' that somebody 'ud come and carry ye back?"

"Yes. O! I couldn't help it."

"And is it that as has made ye sorrowful like at times all the way?"

"Yes—O—I should die if they took me now!"

"Why—ye don't know 'at they can't take ye, darlin', do ye?"

"Can't they?"

"Why, no—bright-eyes. They'd no more dare to come for ye than they'd dare to cut their own fingers off. It 's a piece of reg'lar right down villainy, their takin' ye, in the first place. No, no, sweet creetur—don't ye be afeard any more. They wouldn't dare to come for ye. And even if they did, they'd come a hopin' 'at we didn't know nothin' about yer bein' took by 'em when ye was a leetle baby. So now brighten up, sweet. Brighten up, an' don't ye make Bion unhappy no more."

"Bion?—unhappy?" uttered the beautiful girl, gazing from the old man to the youth. "Oh—I have not made you unhappy!" And as she spoke she threw her arms about Bion's neck.

"No, no, Cora,—not unhappy," the young lover said. "Only it made me sorry to see you sad, because I thought you were home-sick."

Cora looked up with an expression of mingled surprise and pain.

"*Homesick!*" she repeated, taking both his hands, and gazing almost reproachfully into his face. "And did you think I could be homesick with *you*—homesick because I had left my prison?—because you had freed me from it and were by my side? O, Bion—you shouldn't have thought that!"

"But I wont think so any more, Cora;—so you'll forgive me, wont you?"

He was easily forgiven; and from that hour both he and Cora were very happy; and the other passengers watched them with deep interest. They were supposed to be the son and daughter of Jack Wallace, as Jack had engaged passage for himself and two children.

Upon reaching Montezuma our little party took a stage once more, and after a pleasant ride of one day they arrived at a small village where they stopped all night; and in the morning Jack ordered a private team. An open wagon, drawn by two horses, was soon at the door, and into this our travelers were handed

The ride was now through one of the most beautiful sections of country to be found anywhere; and when the broad, bright bosom of Cayuga Lake was opened to their gaze both Cora and Bion were in extacies. When they reached the shore of the lake the road turned and ran along by its margin, and Cora's feelings burst forth in happy song.

By-and-by they saw a little white cottage peeping out from among great chestnut trees, and as they came nearer to it, and saw the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, and saw the spire of a church, and the tops of other houses in the distance, Cora could hardly restrain herself.

"O! what a lovely place!" she cried.

"It seems like some of the places we have read about in fairy books," returned Bion.

"Aye, me sweet ones," added Jack, while the tears started to his eyes, "there's where my money is—and there's where I keep my treasure. When my mates have wondered why I didn't jine 'em in their sprees they didn't know that I paid for sich a home as this; nor they didn't know what a treasure I'd got in it neither."

"Your house?" cried Bion and Cora in concert.

"O—Is it yours, Jack?"

"Yes, me sweets—it's mine. But ye haint half seen it yet. Wait."

As the old sailor spoke the carriage turned up into a long lane, flanked upon either side by huge chestnuts, and bounded by two neat-faced stone walls. In a few moments more the team was stopped at the steps that led to the piazza, and an old lady made her appearance at the door. She was a portly woman, with that healthy corpulence which seems always to be the result of an easy, contented soul, and a good heart. But had there been a question on this point her face would have set the matter at rest. That face was a genial, bright, loving face; full of honest good nature and open benevolence. She raised the huge silver spectacles from her nose and rested them above the frill of her white cap; and as she did so Jack leaped from the carriage.

On the next instant the old lady and the sailor were clasped in each other's arms, and Bion and Cora could see their tears mingling together, and hear their murmurings of joy and blessing. "My dear, dear boy!" and "My own dear mother!"

The children gazed on until their eyes were so full that they could gaze no longer, and then they clasped each other about the neck and wept outright.

Neither Bion nor Cora knew much more until they found themselves in a neatly furnished, comfortable sitting-room. They heard Jack say—"They are mine now, mother; and I love them very much."

"Orphans, be they?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"Orphans, mother, till now; but we wont let 'em be orphans any more."

But when the old lady felt Cora's arms wound about her neck; and felt her warm tears upon her cheek; and heard a sweet voice say—"I shall love you, and try to be very good. Wont you be my mamma, and be good to me, and love me?" When she felt and heard this, she pressed the beautiful girl to her bosom, and said she should be her own dear, darling child.

The team had been sent back, and as soon as the trunks and boxes had been brought in the party sat down, and the story of the past was told. But Jack did not tell all the dangers to which he and Bion had been exposed. He never told his mother of his most fearful passages in life, because they would only make her uneasy. He told all, however, that was necessary to bring out Bion's heroic conduct, and concluded by relating the private histories of the two children as clearly as he could.

Dinner was ready by the time the story was told, and while they eat, the hostess had a hundred questions to ask. By-and-by Bion and Cora learned to call her "Grandmother," and she called them her little grandchildren. She loved them from the first; and as she became more acquainted with their noble, generous, and virtuous qualities, she began to forget that they were not of her own blood.

It was on the second morning after their arrival, and Bion and Cora were together on the piazza. The boy placed his arm about his companion's neck, and earnestly asked—

"Cora, you will be happier here than in your old home?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you how happy I am!" she replied, as she gazed up and met Bion's loving look. "Life seems more valuable now. When I used to read about the pleasures and enjoyments of society it seemed a sort of imaginary state; but I can see it all now. The earth is very beautiful; and when I pray now, I can feel how good God is. It didn't use to be so before."

"I hope we shall be happy henceforth," said the boy, still holding his companion to his bosom.

Cora pondered a moment, and then looking up she answered, while a radiant light dwelt in her dark, lustrous eyes—

"We will be good, and try to deserve it, Bion. We can do no more!"

"God will do the rest, be sure!" pronounced a tremulous voice behind them; and on turning they beheld Mrs. Wallace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

ON BREAKING A MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT.

In courtship it unfortunately frequently happens that the lady feels herself compelled to retire from the engagement into which she probably entered with the most glowing anticipations of future happiness. The peculiar circumstances under which she may be placed will, of course, dictate to her the deportment she should assume. But her chief care should be that every step she takes should be consistent with her sense of propriety, and the delicacy of conduct required on all occasions, even the most trying, from a lady. It is very easy to charge her with caprice and fickleness, nay, even wanton treachery; so that whenever she has satisfied herself that the engagement ought to terminate, she cannot be too guarded or scrupulous, for not only will her determination be severely scrutinized, and by its disagreeable associations expose her to suspicion, but there will not be wanting those who will feel themselves justified in employing censure. Where there is cruelty and disregard for a solemn tie exhibited, the lady scarcely ever succeeds in removing the stain from her character. Inconstancy in a lady is viewed with more severity than in one of the opposite sex, and, we should feel inclined to think, very properly so; for, if tolerated, it would be holding out a premium to the worst species of levity, and tend to lower women in the high estimation of those whose kindness and affection they prize so highly. But where the lady considers it absolutely necessary to consult her honor and peace of mind by repudiating all idea of the contemplated union, good taste, delicacy, and the large humanity of her nature, should dictate to her the duty that the withdrawal should be effected in the way least calculated to inflict unnecessary pain, or add to the bitter feeling of disappointment which must naturally follow such a step. Should the gentleman persist in his addresses, the best course for her to pursue will be to consult her friends and natural protectors, who, by a judicious interference, will put an end to the annoyance. In all these cases a large discretion must be exercised, and nothing done hastily, or under the influence of passion. The soundness of this advice will be obvious when it is reflected that the lady may be influenced by malicious misrepresentation from the envious, or may have committed herself to a prejudice having no foundation at all in fact. Candid, warm-hearted men frequently expose themselves to the machinations of the evil-disposed, and in love are unable, or disdain, to fight the jealous and the covetous with their own weapons. They are so pure in their own love, and so firm in their faith in that of the lady, that they are not gifted with the sagacity to perceive the approach of the storm, and when its first breathings fall on their ardent hopes they merely entreat and implore—

> "Maiden, with violet breath to me impart
> At least the promise of a milder day,"—

and depart from the faintly clouded scene, satisfied that on the morrow all will be sunshine again. This trusting confidence is frequently abused, and the simplest actions of a man whose greatest faults may be an excess of candor and a constitutional carelessness and indifference to trifles, tortured and twisted into every variety of shape but the originals. To meaner things, he walks through life blindfolded; and scandal, with her venomous tongue, plays him many a sorry trick. His heart—

> "Generous, noble—noble in its scorn
> Of all things low or little; nothing there
> Sordid or servile"—

cannot recognize petty deeds, or acknowledge that there are such vile inhabitants of the human breast as craft and cunning. Such a man pursues his way to the music of his own ardent impulses, and animated by the glowing conviction that the object of his fervent devotion—

> ———"Fresh as a flower just blown,
> And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,"—

is of a nature kindred to his own—loving, trusting, and faithful. It is such fine dispositions as these that envy and jealousy love to stab in the dark; and we would put our young lady readers on their guard against all the hints, surmises, and inuendoes which may be leveled at the characters of such men.

TO —

BY EDNA ALICE BOWNE.

About the purple mountain-tops
The earliest mists of summer weave
Their gorgeous veil of gloom and light,
Whilst mournfully the eve,

Beyond the fading crystal walls,
That shine between the clouds and sky—
Sits to her glorious palace halls,
And weeps her misery!

The wind, with sweet tears unstirring,
And trembling all within its frame,
Sings, whilst the sweet moan wakes among
The blossom of her dame:

And whilst the wild winnie cries and go,
Like strains of a restless, lonely song,
I answer with a moan—for oh,
My spirit pines for thee!

When, soft our ideal dream of good,
Merged in a perfect, real life,
Burst in a bloom of happy blood,
Reclaim our meeting kiss!

When will the mists beneath us remain
In every earth-forsaken place,
And where the shadows long have lain,
Reveal the starry dawn?

DEAD MAN'S COTTAGE.

A TALE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

And this was what I read in the yellow, and time-worn manuscript, which rustled like dead leaves in my hand.

"The moonlight was falling on the path that led up to the door of my new home, which I glanced from my home at the gate, and looked around me. It was a small Saxon cottage, with a plantation of fir-trees behind it, and a wide common in front, just in front. At the junction of three roads, a stone cross was planted, which had evidently been standing for many years, as it was overgrown with moss and lichen, and one of the arms was broken, and had left me!"

I looked up in sudden amazement. The house of which the writer spoke, was my temporary home —and there, just beyond the gate, were the four cross-roads, the stone cross, and the moonlight on the robin's nest, still swinging in the breeze! What did it mean?

"Some strange fancies took possession of my mind as I paced around and looked at the objects in the landscape. At the crossing of four roads, I had always been told, in my childhood, it was customary to bury the criminals who had suffered the full rigor of the law. It was an old woman's superstition, I know, that prejudice, and—but it seemed that I could imagine, for down beneath that cross, the form of a dead man, with a stake thrust through his heart. When I leaned over the gate, and saw a long and narrow mound at the foot, I was certain that it was a grave. At the same time, common sense taught me to the contrary, and made me smile at my folly.

I laid down the paper and looked out at the cross-roads. The darkies were peering with dull sound it, but at its foot they seemed springing from a trench—their heads were lower than those around them. I went out hastily, for the afternoon sun was shining in the sky—and gathered some fresh dark plants. The stems were alike in length. This irregularity, therefore, must proceed from some other cause—and, indeed, the sinking of the grave where the fiend was buried. I shuddered, as I thought of him there with the stake driven through his heart. I came back, and began to read again.

"But I was not to be driven from my purpose by a grave. I had entered that solitude in search of peace—and in the lovely evening hour of noon, it might, perhaps, be found. I unlocked the gate—unfolding as I did so, whose figure had touched it last, and went up through the tall grass to the house. The door was fastened with a rusty padlock, to which I had the key. I opened it, and all was silent, and the threshold, sloping suddenly downward, met me beneath the gate. A thousand echoes sounded through the old house as I fell upon one knee.

"When the noise and dust had subsided, I struck a match, lit a small pocket taper which I carried with me, and looked around. The room in which I stood was large and gloomy. The walls were panelled, and pulled a dusty cord, when the shutters were shattered—the floor loose, and creaking beneath my feet, and the air full of the flaking rottenness, that hung from the walls and ceiling, everywhere about with every breath of wind. Several large rats ran across the floor as I came in, and the great toad sat close in the corner, blinking at the unwonted light, and a fat, bloated spider fell from the ceiling upon my coat. I brushed him off with a shudder, and heard him die against the wall.

I looked over my shoulder. Yes—he had described the room faithfully. It was the same now, though the rats and the toad were there, and the spider's web had been brushed away. But in the innermost—the room which I had entered by the favorite nook for reading or study—what would he discover there?

"It was much smaller than the other—lighter and more cheerful. Through the broken casements came the perfume of the red and white rose on each side, and the moonlight fell in broken patches on the floor. The room was quite empty, and the oak paneled gratify—some light difficulty that, that was more like over-dose than anything else I can call to mind, while the floor beneath was of fine green marble. In this room I found the few articles of furniture which I need enumerate—a table—some chairs—a stove—a book-case, and my writing desk, a large escritoire in the same shape that stood beside the window, and inhaled the fragrance of the roses while I surveyed my new domain.

"Suddenly my eyes chanced upon an object which made me start and sit upright in my chair. My little taper was burning on the table opposite me, and above it—right above it—a face seemed growing out of the paint to contempt. A little, swarthy Italian face, with long inky locks of black hair falling around the hollow cheeks with gleaming, evil black eyes, that seemed to look me through and through. A dull red glow seemed to pervade the face and its lips, and I beheld he had lit—and through the lips, half-parted in a mocking smile, I saw the gleam of white, evilish teeth, alongside.

"For a moment I sat motionless, and heard my own heart beat. Then I mustered courage to take up the lamp and gaze at the thing still secret. Picture! It was only a picture, painted on the panel, and the dull, red glow, seemed to spring to some strange fancy of the artist. He had made the back ground both lurid and murky, and the pale face stood out from it in bold relief. I sighed a sigh of ineffable relief, when I found what it really was, and went out to care for my home, who began to sing and stamp impatiently. I saw him safely bestowed for the night, and coming back, found my own small cot placed in a bed-room which opened out of that which contained the picture, and which I dignified by the name of study.

"It was not late when I extinguished my taper and laid down to sleep—but the moon had mounted high in the heavens before I had closed my eyes. I had never thought myself a fanciful or imaginative man; my nerves I had always supposed, were proof against all danger, save or unsecond—yet some strange presentiment haunted me, and that face was close beside me all the time. To me it seemed as the face of a fiend.

"I do not know that I should have slept till day-break, had it not been for a sleigh from my home, who also seemed disposed, and that in his sighs smelled me with a sense of companionship and safety—and I heard the report of a much needed."

The picture of the Italian face had never been removed from the panel on which it was painted. I got up from my seat in the open door, (for as the story progressed I could not read in the dark,) and went in to look at it. Many a time had it startled me, but never so much as then. A new expression seemed stamped upon the face—the lurid glow deepened and lightened, and the red lips smiled more mechanically than ever. I remember thinking, as I stood there, that it only needed a pair of horns projecting beneath that tangled black hair, and a deep furrow upon the brow, as if a hot iron had been seared in, to make a faithful picture of the arch-enemy—of that fallen angel who was cast out from Heaven, and whose haughty spirit, even the torture of Hades could scarcely hold in check.

I dared not look at it long, but went back to the open door, where the swallow, and the lilac sky, and the happy songs of birds, seemed more natural to keep me company. And the manuscript went on:

"My foreboding had all vanished when I woke the next morning and found the sun shining cheerfully into my room. Through the day I had no leisure to think of mysteries, so busy was I in getting my little household into order. The picture still was settled as it should be, and having visited my good sheep, which were given, like me, to a sightly bit of sugar, and his good sleigh horse, I closed the gate of the little yard behind me, and set off for a walk.

"The moon was up—it was a glorious night. I could see for miles around me, and every object was light. I paused along the grass-grown road, with my hands clasped behind me, and my head thrown up; breast, singing a song I had heard in Northern lands, in the days of my youth, and decided that I heard a step behind me, and a voice joining with mine in the song, but when I looked around I saw always alone.

"The road led me up a green hill, crowned with maples which the moon was whitening with light, and a broad swift river flowing just beside it. I paused upon the summit of the hill, and looked down upon it before me I saw a grass-grown knoll, whose iron door seemed to have been closed for centuries, while just beyond it, the river seemed to have carved out a deep cavity in the moonbeam."

Well did I know that spot—well did I know that the long hours of a summer's afternoon, had I lingered there, and watched the sunbeams playing down upon the road and river below, twining the roses that grew wild within the enclosure; or, standing within Hawthorn Hall, my eye had been on the shelter of the old wall. But at night I always avoided it—it was too lonely.

"I leaned over the crumbling wall," the strange man went on to say, "and looked down into the old sleepers who were resting there. How was it with them now? How was it with those whom I had loved and left? Did they remember me, or forget me now hush! Had they one thought of him to whom their very memory was a torture, and who still lamented their loss?

"While I asked myself these questions, I heard a step behind me. Turning quickly round, I saw a tall man, dressed in black, coming toward me. *The door of the tomb was open—had he come from there?*

"He greeted me with very familiarity, but there was something so unearthly in his aspect, that I did not answer him. He was a tall, dark man, with—his hair long and black, and hanging upon his shoulders in neglected manner—his eyes, black, gloomy, and terrible. I thought of the mysterious picture in my study. Features by feature, it was re-produced before me!

"You may well be startled," he said, with a sneering laugh, "at the sight of a living countenance —but make yourself easy. Though I have just emerged from the tomb, I am not going back there. Do you still hesitate? There is a hand of flesh and blood for you—will you take it?"

He stretched out a white, dark, well-shaped hand. A diamond ring of great lustre sparkled on one of the fingers, and I thought, despite my weakness, I took it in mine, but dropped it the next moment with a shudder. It was cold as ice.

"He smiled scornfully.

"'The air of this unoccupied chamber yonder is famous for cooling the blood, I believe?'

"'But, why are you here, and what are there?' I stammered. 'The door looked to me as if it never could be opened.'

"'The cutest thing in the world,' he said, carelessly. 'If you will step inside with me, you will see why I am here.'

"It was a mad idea, but the strange adventure decided me, and I followed him.

"'Lend on—I will follow you,' I said.

"We went down two narrow mossy stone steps, and stood within the entrance of the tomb. In the vault beyond a fire was burning beneath a crucible, and several old and rusty instruments of science were thrown carelessly around. A child's cradle was standing beside the fire, and a child was sleeping soundly and as a nest. Far back, in the distance, I could see the moist earth on the side of the tomb glisten in the dull light of the dying fire, like coarse ice even that were watching me.

"My strange companion had me standing beside the door, and going forward, took the crucible from the fire. He shook it, looked earnestly into it, poured a molten mass from it into a broad over that stood near by, and stirred the liquid metal with a small rod of iron.

"'It is in vain. I have failed once more; I heard him mutter, and then he shook the crucible in his hands, and he sat down, listless and despondent, on the black coffin.

"'You are an alchemist,' I said, suddenly, thinking I had found the clue to his choice of so strange a retreat.

"'Yes,' he answered, looking up at me with intelligence. 'For fifty years—fifty years, I have been seeking for that which shall turn all things to gold —and I have never found it yet. But never mind —the day must come—must come, and will.'

"He rose from his seat, raised the hot molten over the still glowing coals, put crucible and over safely away, and led me out of the vault. With one pass of his seemingly fragile hand he set the iron door of the tomb in its socket, and fastened it. It still looked as if years has gone by since it had been opened.

"'You have great strength,' I said, admiringly, 'for the door must have been closed by a great deal.'

He answered, with a hard laugh.

"He fastened his left belt, and turned away, saying—

"'All is safe till I come again. No one will ever think of looking there for me—and now, if—'

"Side by side we took our way down the hill, and over the lovely grass-grown road. We did not speak till we reached the gate of my cottage yard. Then he paused, and leaned over the fence a moment.

"'You have a pleasant home,' he said, looking at the window where the fire-light was burning, in readiness for my return.

"'I like it—I like it. But it is late—will you not rest beneath my roof to-night?'

"'No, no—my way lies yonder,' he said, pointing by the old stone cross.

"'It is a lonely road.'

"'Yes. And strange stories are told of this house sometimes. Years ago, when you were a child, I dare say, you have heard them, and I have pointed over the hill. 'He lived in this house and died and was buried,' you said, 'and they have it, that he is buried here where the cross-roads meet. But you and I know better!'

"He looked at me keenly, and his eyes shone green and baneful as he turned them on me.

"'You do, we know better,' I answered, quietly, though my very blood was chilled within me.

"He shook my hand in his cold hand, muttered a hasty good-night, and strode away. I hurried along the path that led to the door. The latch was raised and unfastened, and when I had opened the door, and turned to look after him, he and the large range of fields, so broad and bright, so round, and true, and hill, but of him there was no trace. I had been alone all night with an unquiet heart."

CHAPTER II.

"Mystery was around me. Whichever way I turned my steps something puzzled, and perplexed, and startled me. Even in the household affairs, I thought so quiet, was full of sounds. As I sat in my study after breakfast, I heard a light, quick step upon the loose boards of the upper floors, or dismal knocks from the cellar, as if some one was trying to get out. Rats there swarmed, that I never penetrated; I had no use for them, and had never seen them, and the mystery deepened. Not one that the low whisperings, which I had at first attributed to the wind, began upon it, and long after the winds were hushed; now that I could distinctly hear something lift the latch of my bed-room door, and extinguish the lamp. At the same time that my straining eyes could discern nothing in the room, I was always aware of a presence near me, and knew what I had about me.

"I had a large dog, named Leander, tapers, and some other accessories, on the morning I had devoted to the investigation, a quick knock startled me. I opened it, half fearing to see my ghostly friend—the image of the picture—would stand before me. But, in this place was a man, a comfortable old man—the proprietor of the place, who had, as he said, heard of my arrival from some quarters. I welcomed him gladly. He was a stout, hearty old fellow, and I thought that he might know I could be calm, and quiet, and cool. There was nothing about him to terrible and mystical me—and I resolved to question him. I did so, and he answered freely.

"'Something that I was about to do. He eyed me shrewdly, took up a bellow and shovel near the fire-place, and went to the cellar. I heard him, by his manner, that it was not all funny, that there was some actual foundation for the stories of the house.

"He went down the dark and crumbling stairs. The door opened, he half-turned, and then disappeared. I followed him.

"With a shout the foot of the door, all our eyes became accustomed to the faint light.

"'Look!' he said, and, stooping, he cut away some dirt from the floor, and I saw it!

"I thought that I had cut into a man's heart,' he said, in a trembling voice. 'Did I tell you that Morelli was buried with a stake through his heart?'

"'No—but I guessed as much. Give me the shovel.'

"I snatched it from him, thrust the lamp into his hand, and began to work with a fierce and desperate energy. Sights and sounds were not wanting around me. Now a pale gleam of light would flash through the air—then would be dark as night, but for the starry flare of our lamp—we would hear the low howling laugh, or a string of sighs, and yet stand close beside us but we took no notice. We had a purpose before us, and we will the more stood in great drops upon my forehead.

"Suddenly my spade struck upon something hard, and on both sent eagerly down to look. A square box, imbedded in the earth, was beneath us. We had come true to bones it, but when we looked and firm hold, it came up easily and lightly. We bore it between us a long upon it, and up the steps to bind on, went towards the stairs. A cold wind rushed through the place, as we reached their feet, and extinguished the lamp. At the same time that was conscious of some invisible thing pressing close to me, and trying to force me back. I held back again.

"'Keep a firm hold, now,' I cried, to Moorhouse, who was breathing hard and heavily. 'We must go on together.'

"We pushed our way, by main strength, through the darkness to the head of the stairs. When the door flew open, and the broad light of day shone upon us, there was a confusion—a panic—a stampede, and we bore our burden into the other room, without any further opposition.

"'Shall God?' said Moorhouse, sinking into my easy chair, and fanning himself. 'I never expected to see such a thing as that. And—and—have been fighting with the fiends this morning. I suppose? For we took a glass of wine from yonder decanter, before we try to open this box.'

"I did as I was ordered, and quaffed a generous bumper myself. Indeed, we both needed it after our flight and peril.

"'Now, my friend,' said he, with a smile, 'Give me an axe.'

"I brought him one. He pulled it in his hand, glanced once at the Italian's picture, and brought down the blade in a heavy blow, that broke the lid of the box into fifty pieces.

"I caught one glimpse of the body of a man, dressed in the garb of a Roman soldier of ancient days, and was nothing. Only some mouldering bones, a dress or two of dark brown hair, and the head of a dagger remained to tell of one who had been buried with a stake through his heart.

"Close the box again and we will bury him,' said Moorhouse, after he had looked at him a moment.

"The lid was split and hacked in all directions, but I found courage, in a little short time, to do it, and we nailed it down securely over the last remains of Antonio Morelli's father. Filling the box we found a steady place just beside the cross, we dug a grave and laid him there, and a wife and child, who had been waiting patiently, returned to cover his last bones with grass and flowers.

Reader, I sat in the door with my feet upon the ground, and my head leaned down to their kindly grass. The roses, whose beauty and fragrance were drawn from that dead man's dead, blushed on each side of me. I could not believe I was the person of feeling I love them away and throw them from me. Even the spring from my heart-strings, and place and went and leaned against the old well-sweep that stood by the door. For a deep a hold had it taken upon my imaginations, and so real was true all every incident seem, that I believe I should have left the house and Annie Morelli, and returned from his grave beneath the old stone cross, and the old well-sweep had rendered cruel service to my dull ears, when the footsteps rose bedded and blossomed about the cottage door.

He sat and duly down, as knew that we could no longer remain there. Moorhouse helped me bring the box and implements, and having packed it, and put them outside the gate, till he could send his men to take it away, we went back to the house where I had hoped to dwell for many days; I assumed the dark face of the murderer for the last time. Then we came out and locked the door, and began our descent.

"'Shock my head.

"'Yes, I believe, and—but—whither will you now? Will you not, for—but—whither will you now? Why not stay with us? Annie will be glad to see you.'

"'I shock my head.

"'I suppose so!'

"'Your way lies over the mountains?'

"'Yes.'

"'If I were younger and stronger, I believe I should go with you. But as it is—I can only say —God bless thee, lad, and good-bye.'

"'Good-bye, sir.'

"We shook hands warmly, he patted my horse kindly as he passed him, and took his way down through the valley where he lived. I leaned upon him till he was out of sight, and then mounted my horse.

"I looked back at the cottage as I rode away, and I could have sworn that the face of Antonio Morelli was watching me from the window. It might have been a fancy—but it does not matter—since the cottage is empty now."

The paper fell from my trembling hands.

"But it does matter—it must matter!" I said to myself. "For I am here, and for days and weeks I have been thinking of every incident in this history."

I looked toward the cottage. There were many things inside belonging to me. These could be brought away, by a servant, by a friend, after what I had read, I could never think of living there any longer. But my glove-pad, my scarf, my gloves, and my worn evening clothes, and in the corner room—

"I will not be a fool," I said to myself, and walked bravely in after them.

In spite of myself I took one hasty look at Morelli's face, as I snatched my hat and scarf from their nails, and my gloves from the table. It seemed to me more and more changed, and as I gazed, the outer door swung together with a heavy clang. A cold wind seemed to sweep through the room, and Leander's second all around me, and I fled, like a coward, with my heart beating fast, and my limbs growing weak beneath me.

I could scarcely open the outer door, with my trembling hands, nor did strength and courage return with the free long draught of fresh air. A heavy shadow seemed stretched over the house. I could hear the creaking of the door, and as I hurriedly locked it, I saw the face of the pale dark face, looking through the window, and a dead man's hand parting the branches of the thorn-tree that grew by the side of the cottage door.

The Stone Cross rose, dark and gloomy, in the advancing twilight, and the daisies upon the mound over it grew beautiful in the moonlight as the gloom as a night wind went sweeping by. I stood but a moment there, heart and eyes were falling me fast, and I fled, like a deer, along the road that led to the town.

"Dead Man's Cottage," as it is still called, is nevertheless a favorite resort for pleasure parties in my daily drives, but it is always empty. No one is fool-hardy enough to live there now.

FOR LOVERS.

Man may make laws for the guidance and restraint of the passions, but he cannot take away from the human heart the desire which teaches him that his mission is not altogether an earthly one. He is a being created for God, and he should be hallowed by holy thoughts, and guided in the proper for the recognition of them as when the heart is light with hope and

"The gentle arts and wisdoms of love."

kindle within the soul an undying flame which sheds over the future the brilliant hues of rosy hope, and

"Though fond
Hope sometimes, like the wild vine, will twine
Those wan, but gather, there is that within
Which tells us we were born for immortality."

The marriage hour, with a light, as it from Heaven, playing on the spring time of love,

"Is worth a thousand years
In years of sorrow spent without it."

Yours globe never wanted—but still the same, and will be so, as long as the world shall last.

And should such a golden time be lightly regarded? Let us not one thought given to the Dispenser of all good? Let us not, in the midst of our mad devine origin, and was instituted for nobler purposes than the mere gratification of the senses, when entered into with feelings which create chasm, and which are incapable of dispelling into the mind the solemn truth that—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
All things have dust are not dust,
Was not spoken of the soul."

The life is practical, ages no doubt, and there are moments when matters abroad,—men who, like lands, "feed on the vapor of the dungeon" in the midst of light, and who, shrinking from the world themselves,—but there is also a principle inherent in the human heart which, in spite of ourselves, even the most degraded—shows the nobleness of their constitution, and bears witness to a belief far beyond the confines of that in which they seek their daily bread. Let the bride and the bridegroom look back upon their wedding day, instead of a time and a varied existence, seek to obtain a glimpse of the future? Let them look upon the simple scenes of clustered thoughts, and the solemnity of a religious festival, which was designed to instruct the heart in its duties, and inspire the final longings that belong to the mere creature.

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HORRIBLE SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY.

African travellers have spoken of a tribe of negroes who possess that ornamental appendage so much admired in the land of Mandingo. It is said their stomachs have ever received credence. It appears, however, that the tribe is not fabulous, and really does exist in the interior of Africa. In a recent sitting of the Academie des Sciences, M. de Quatrefages stated that he had received from a friend at Mecca one of these creatures, the lowest, and most degraded of the human race. The external configuration of the vertebral column in the direction of the sacrum, leads to the belief that it belonged to the tribe of the Obiliones, whose territory is situated far beyond the Soudan, who are described by Caillaud, Lamiral, and others, as living on the moon, the stars, the serpent, and the sources of a great river, supposed to be the Niger, to which last they immolate victims. They eat plants, fruits, and the flesh of their children, even when their enemies, of all ages and both sexes, whom they may slay in battle. They, however, prefer the flesh of women and children, when procurable. They rarely exceed five feet in height, are ill-proportioned, have long arms, long fingers, long legs and their heads and feet than the rest of human kind. Some have the lower jaw larger than the upper head narrow and excessively retreating, the ears long and deformed, the eyes small, black, brilliant, the nose large and flat, the mouth large, the lips thick, the teeth strong and sharp, the hair curly. Their color is a dark copper color. M. de Quatrefages had been so long in slavery as to have forgotten his native language; but he could still understand it, and was able to have conversation with him by means of signs. He was twice a week visited with a fit of epilepsy, which he underwent satisfied by giving him an enormous lump of nutrition, and that if it were not done, he fell that he could not refrain from slaying and eating a woman or child. M. de Quatrefages that the external dispositions of the stomach were good; that his ability to his master was exciting; and that he was not without intelligence; but he there marked of the race, where the race is not unknown, they are considered insatiable.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE FARMER.

What a sovereign man is the intelligent, industrious farmer. Within his own realm of earth, he wields a sceptre to which all must bend. The balance of the world's life and comfort he holds in his stalwart hand. Neither courts, nor camps, nor armies, nor fleets, can exist without his aid. He is the feeder—aye, and the garmenter, virtually—of the race. Cities spring from the traffic in the products of his industry. Commerce is born at his behest. Of the State he is the "first Estate." Lord of the land, no man has firmer hold of the essential title of nobility. And he need be no plodder because he is a farmer. The day is past when the soil-tiller was confounded with the clod turned by his plow. The soil is his servitor; he smites it, and lo! the harvest comes forth. The hoe and the sickle make him music braver than dulcimers, and sound the march of a triumph, grand as it is peaceful and blessed. But he is not forever in the furrow. For him are broadest fields of study—fairest fields of delight. For him are hours linked to beauties and wisdoms; for him, periods of communion and rapture, of which the birds, the flowers, the streams, the woods, the stars, and all wondrous things of the universe, may bear witness. A brave man art thou, wielder of the mallet and the plane; and thou, skillful worker of webs; and thou, deviser of all machines whereby the labor of man's hand is speeded or abridged. But ye are all second to the farmer. He is master of the needfulest of toils, and the most serviceable products. He can live without you, but you cannot exist for a day without him. Honor, then, to the farmer; may his sphere widen and his stature be exalted. And honor to all honest toil, for of such are the fruits that form the crowning glories of the world.

FAILURES—THEIR SECRET CAUSE.

What is the secret of the frequency of failures among business men?

"Overreaching," you will probably say,—the secret of *it*, in turn, being a too great making of haste to get riches. No doubt the secret does often lie in miscalculation and mismanagement in the counting-room and the storehouse, including all the evils of borrowing and endorsing without judgment or discretion. But we think a full investigation—if it were allowable—would demonstrate that the difficulty often lies in quite a different quarter, viz: in the extravagantly provided home of the bankrupt, and the needless expenditures of his family.

It is always much more difficult for a business man to pay the debts contracted by his wife and daughters than those contracted by himself. The latter, being within the regular programme of trade, are provided for, while the former are not thought of, perhaps, till the bills are presented and payment is urged. In other words,—it is the *surprise* of these outside liabilities which renders them so embarrassing.

If provided for they would have been merest trifles and paid as such. Now, they become serious annoyances, interfering with the payment of notes, and ultimately proving so much poison to his credit and his comfort.

Why will not the wife and daughter of the merchant and the manufacturer consider these things, and so become *helps*, instead of hindrances, to even the operations of business life!

PECULIAR CHARACTER OF EPOCHS.

Those who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honors; every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed and devastation. This sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions, by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

THE HARP.

Of all the musical instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind, since Mercury gave his shell to Apollo, the harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords, when struck by the hand of a master, the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the earliest history of our race, and with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the dark-eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps, "hung upon the willows," and their souls refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of captivity, and to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strain to gladden the heart of a conqueror, while the "chosen people" sat in bondage and tears.

But there were exultant strains in the harp when David touched its strings, and danced before the ark; or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the Northern Skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Wodin, or on the mountain-tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-haired and white-robed bard sang to the music of the harp the history of heroes and races, the glory of religion, and the splendors of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shores of Britain, thus beheld the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires, and invoking the aid of their deities against the invading Cæsar. In all Northern Europe, the harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the Druid altar, and at the head of the embattled host. The harper was historian, eulogist, priest, and seer.

Kings were harpists of old. The Psalmist-monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conqueror of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane as he quaffed his mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe, who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle-axe and the sword. And the great conqueror, Brian Boroihme, a king by might and by right—not heavier were his death-dealing blows on the "Field of the Green Banner," Clontarf, than were his fingers light and wizard when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Bochsa claimed to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon king. And who has not fancied hearing, in some reverie of the soul over the fall and sorrow of nations, the strains of that mightier harp, viewless, but living and immortal—

"The harp that hung in Tara's halls."

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cimbrian, and the Celt, have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught, that, ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange, then, with such a history upon Earth, and such a prophecy and faith attached to its future, that the harp is become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument among men.

THE IMAGINATION'S PROVINCE.

The province of this faculty of the mind, we fear, is not generally understood. If it was, the legitimacy of its play, in literature, would be universally admitted. The best definition of the action of the imagination that we know of, is that given by the learned and orthodox author of "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth," Dr. Abercrombie. According to his view, the imagination takes the component elements of *real* scenes, events or characters, and combines them anew by a process of the mind itself, to form *compounds* which have no existence in nature. And thus, it has been asserted, Nature's own combinations, in particular displays of her Power, may be improved upon, as when Milton's genius constructed his imaginary landscape of the Garden of Eden—of which the great Scotch philosopher, Dr. Stewart, has remarked: that it is more perfect, probably, in all its parts, than any thing of the kind ever realized in nature. And it is certainly very different from anything that the great poet's own country exhibited at the time he wrote his sublime epic. This conclusion has been confirmed by a no less distinguished observer than Mr. Walpole, who remarks that the "Garden of Eden is not only free from the defects of the old English gardens, but that it actually seems to have furnished the *model* of the modern gardens of England, wherein the Miltonic principles of horticulture have been carried into execution."

A parity of reasoning would show that the elements of human character, as displayed in every-day actual life are susceptible of new combinations which do no violence to the principles of truth. What else, indeed, are the Adam and Eve of Milton? Surely, they are nothing else.

Such are the uses to which the imagination of the honest and judicious prose-writer, as well as the true poet, should and does put his knowledge of the principles of human nature.

LIFE'S "JUSTE MILIEU."

"Juste milieu" is a favorite phrase among a certain school of French politicians. They express by it what they consider the true "middle ground" between the old-fashioned monarchial and the new-fashioned republican principles of government. But the original meaning of it would give us, in English, what we call the "golden mean," which is a part worth striving for in all the departments of human life.

The tendency of the American people has been, of late years, too much like that of the French in their political action. Look at the history of our Commerce. Now we have had expansion, now contraction, in our credit system—this year, the liveliest activity in mercantile life, with a tendency to importations far beyond our means of payment, to be followed, next year, by stagnation, and perhaps "pressure." So it is in politics. At one time we are all excitement about some election. We seem to forget everything but politics. Every other interest suffers neglect for the time. Then again all is quiet, even to indifference, as to the state of the nation, or the "safety of the Union." Nor has even our literature escaped this tendency to extremes, as a not very remote crisis in "cheap publications," so disappointedly demonstrated to such publishers as vainly supposed that "cheapness" alone would satisfy the reading public.

Let us hope for a return to the "*juste milieu*"—the "golden mean"—in all the affairs of life—in our commercial operations, our politics and our literature. And, above all, the controllers of that mightiest engine of modern times—the press—should see to it that the rule of *utile cum dulce*—the substantial and morally useful with the entertaining—is carefully observed in their issues.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRIP TO THE CAATSKILLS.

NUMBER TWO.

In an article in a late weekly, I was shocked at a flippant and unfeeling allusion to "the yellow invalids one meets at watering-places." Surely, the sight of such, wandering forth with feeble step and faded eyes, taking their last look at this beautiful earth, side by side with the rosy cheek and bounding pulse of health, should excite in us only feelings of tenderest love and compassion. Some such I met; but I would not, if I could, that their pale faces should have been banished from our merry circle. It was no damper on my enjoyment to gaze at their drooping eyelids, and listlessly crossed hands. I would but have yielded them the cosiest corner on the sofa, or the most comfortable arm-chair, or the sunniest nook on the piazza, or tempted their failing appetite with the daintiest bit at the table. I would like to have taken their transparent hands in my healthy palm, and given them a kindly grasp, by which they would recognize me in that better land, which every day dawns clearer on my sight. It is well that we should have such in our midst; and surely none whose hearts are drawn by yearning, but invisible cords, to the dear ones who *once* made sunlight in our homes, can fail to recognize, and respond to, the tacit claims of the stranger-invalid upon our tenderest sympathies.

And while upon this subject, I would speak a word, which, it seems to me, needs to be spoken—upon a courteous recognition of the lonely, unobtrusive traveler, who, for the time, makes one of the same family under a hotel roof. It is easy for all to pay court to the distinguished, the handsome, or the agreeable; to seek an introduction to such, or manufacture a pretext for speaking. It is for the unattractive I would plead, and the aged—for those who have nothing to recommend them to notice, save that they are unnoticed. It seems to me that one need study no book of etiquette to find out, that a passing salutation to such, a kind inquiry after their health, an offer of a flower—when one has been rambling where their weary feet may not go—is the true politeness. One feels like spurning the civility received at the hands of those who see not in these disregarded ones the lineaments of the same Father. It gives me pleasure to say that I have witnessed some noble examples of courtesy to such, extended with a graceful ease, which would seem less to confer a favor than to receive one by their acceptance.

Sunday at the Caatskills! "There is no church here," said one. "No church?" What human hand could span an arch like yonder blue vault? What pillars could it frame beautiful as those shapely trees? What carpet weave equal to that dew-bespangled moss? What stained windows design to surpass those interlacing branches, with their shifting sun-rays? What choir more perfect than those untutored birds, singing for very joy that God is so good, and His earth so fair?

"Service in the public parlor at ten;" so the landlord informed us. Heaven grant, said I, that the preacher may utter no discord amid all this harmony of Nature. Heaven grant he may not try to whip us into Heaven through fear of hell. Heaven grant he may not paint to us a tyrant in place of our smiling Father. Heaven grant he may not frown upon the innocent pleasures of childhood and youth, or falsely teach them that God is pleased with a crouching step and a long-drawn face. So, with many misgivings, I took my seat among the worshipers—young and old, sick and well, grave and gay—with creeds as various as their places of birth, or the lineaments of their faces, and some, thank God—with no creeds at all. How shall the preacher say a fitting word to all these?

I am happy to say that, in my opinion, he did it; that not one word would I have had erased or changed; that I could conceive of no one present who could object to the sincere, fair, and loving exposition of gospel truth which, like another "Sermon on the Mount," will, I trust, long be remembered.

I have now an added reason for liking Philadelphia and its people, since having listened, on that lovely Sabbath morning, to Rev. Dr. Brainerd. Since having made, also, at the Caatskills, the acquaintance of other agreeable Philadelphians. One of the alloys of travel is the pain one experiences in saying Farewell, in this world of change, to those who brighten our pathway but for a brief day. Could we always live thus, our eyes say, as we give and take the parting grasp; and yet, after all, if our chief aim is enjoyment, how far are we above the animals? No, no, let us accept our lot. *His* crown was thorns, why should ours be of roses? FANNY FERN.

AT REST.

Mortal maiden, do not weep!
I have peace for all your pain—
I will kiss your eyes asleep
So they will not wake again.

Then her hands so white and thin
Crossed she meekly on her breast,
And through sleep's still gate went in
Where the weary are at rest.

ALICE CARY.

"MOTHER EARTH."

How important and beautiful our relations to the earth! And yet how seldom we pause to consider them—especially those of us who dwell in cities. In the open country there is everything to remind of these relations—the trees with their fruits and foliage—the flowers with their perfumes—the fields with their golden grain—the meadows with their new mown hay—the gardens with their luxuriant growths—and, more than all these, the fallow field, where the ploughshare has turned over the fresh furrow, exposing to view myriad tiny things, that have found their home beneath the sod! We say "more than all," because it is this that most forcibly marks the distinction between the walk in town and the walk in the country. Here our feet touch only artificial things—the flagstones, quarried at some distant spot, fashioned by the hand of Art, and fitted to their places by the same—or the bricks, of still more artificial form and fashioning. These impart none of that genial warmth, which the "virgin soil" imparts. If they give heat at all, it is dry, scorching and repulsive, causing us to step with a hurried and spasmodic motion!

Yes, it is in the country, where the farmer lives, and moves, and has his more independent, as well as more natural being, that man's truer relations to the earth are enjoyed. They cannot be realized upon and between the bricks and the stones of the city. There, while breathing the pure air of heaven, laden only with the perfumes of flowers, instead of the sickening stenches of the street, and the alley, the son of toil may put his feet on the naked bosom of his "*mother earth*," and gratefully absorb the magnetic strength which she waits to impart to her more naturally related children!

PROFANATION.

BY MARY FORREST.

This is emphatically an age of kissing. Everybody kisses *every*-body. Since the anti-fastidious days when the old woman saluted her cow, such a time of promiscuous and inordinate lip-service was never known. The sign and seal of a "strange intelligence" has become a hissing and by-word; the plaything of witlings; the tool of satyrs; the lost jewel of the elect.

Zenobia's kiss is the "long and silent" throb of her inmost soul—unexpressed and inexpressible, save to those divinely akin; but she chances to be one in the indiscriminate circle, and, as each member drops off, must bend her stately head to the puppet performance—the kiss all round—which would be most appropriately accompanied by the elegant air of

"Pop! goes the weasel."

Penelope, herself, is obliged to look sharply to the dew on her lips, or ten to one it will be spirited away on some graceless *moustache*. The malady grows; and is becoming epidemic and chronic.

That last evening at the W——'s, the last stout woman in the file of leave-takers had well nigh finished me. Zeus and Juno! what an expressionless, cavernous mouth yawned over mine! Nectar and ambrosia! what a moist explosion! For the next six weeks I will not kiss a friend. In the meantime the dews of heaven—the "milk-fed lips" of babies, and my heart's best prayers will perhaps bring back the ravished privilege.

A kiss should be one of the holiest demonstrations of the soul; it should have a voiceless eloquence—an electric tranquility—an eclectic reserve. It has no such thing. It pops a good morning—it sputters a good evening;—it whizzes and fizzles on the right hand—on the left hand—here, there, and everywhere; we are kept constantly on the defensive; at last marked, cornered and set upon, we plant our teeth hard, and abide the shock as best we can. It is high-handed sacrilege, and I *will* enter my protest.

A kiss is no more an unconsidered trifle to be rudely filched—torn warm and beating from its nestling place, and frittered from mouth to mouth, than is the purest prayer I offer—which God keep still inviolate! If we would preserve this gift a sweet and holy token—beautified and sanctified to the beloved—we must use it wisely, with a noble chariness.

GOOD ADVICE FOR EVERYBODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with care:—
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

NECESSITY OF ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

It has been remarked, that the world punishes with too great severity the error of those who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life by private meditation: the matters of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the constitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

THE BLUSTERING HUMBUG.

There are not many things more nauseous to a healthy and honest mind, than a human humbug, a canting, selfish, sneaking, loud-mouthed humbug. Of such there are, unhappily, many ripe specimens, some of whom play the oily game of hypocrisy, and others the bullying one of bluster. Of the two, the latter is the most disgusting species. Your blustering humbug is a Jupiter Tonans when mounted on a beer-barrel before a loafing crowd, and he is equally mighty on foolscap. He can hurl syllogisms at his opponents as a battery hurls chain-shot, and throw epithets as a catapult did stones. He is famous for "bearding tyrants on their thrones," and loves to round a mellow period with coruscating allusions to the "immortal Washton—left an orphan at the tender age of twenty-one years, on Plymouth Rock in Virginia," and so forth. Your blustering humbug can pour forth a cataract of glittering nonsense at any moment, every separate drop of which shall be a falsehood or a blunder. He is usually from the other side of the Atlantic, and comes to America for the purpose of advocating principles and practices which he denounced at home. He is no "stereotyped conservative," no "fossil representative"—not he! Let him but discover that public sentiment and plunder have changed to the other side, and he will speedily follow, flourishing the "sword of Liberty," and "hurling defiance at crowned wrong and sceptred tyranny," &c., &c. He is an utter nuisance to whatever party he infests, and the only way they can get rid of him is to get into a minority.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

"We are surprised that so few children of low origin work their way to respectability and eminence."—*Eastern Banner.*

The editor of the Eastern Banner must have been all his life in a chronic state of Rip Van-winkleism, or he would long since have discovered that a surprisingly large proportion of "children of low origin"—by which he means the children of poor and undistinguished parentage—do rise to respectability, wealth and eminence. At this very time, nine-tenths of the most eminent, prosperous and respected men in the Union are the graduates of this very class. The wonder is that so many children of poor parentage force their way to distinction and wealth. Considering the deprivations and hardships they have to encounter, it is truly wonderful that any of them surmount the formidable barriers opposed to their progress, in early life. And they are all the more worthy of honor, because of the obscurity of their origin, and the difficulties which beset their path at the period when difficulties weigh the heaviest and appear the most formidable.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

LIARS are verbal forgers—stiflers of truth—murderers of fact. They often attempt to conceal their failing by affecting a scrupulous adherence to veracity. A chap, who rarely "shamed the devil," except by outlying him, once said of his friend, "Jack is a good fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry to say this, but I will not tell a lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love truth still more." "Well, I never expected," said a bystander, "that you would prefer a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

IT was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia, listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

A MERE scholar is generally known by his ignorance of everything but languages, which have so filled his head as to leave room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the Temple of Minerva; the shrine for the Goddess; and is as proud of his mind's purse as if there were gold in it. Pedantry's jargon will no more improve our understandings than the clank of a smoke-jack will fill our stomachs.

A VERY cadaverous looking poet recited a poem, descriptive of a country walk, in which occurred these lines:

"The redbreast, with his furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance."

One of the listeners exclaimed—"Gad! if it had been a carrion crow, he would have looked you full in the face."

IN Indiana, a few days ago, a loafer grossly insulted, by vulgar words, three ladies whom he encountered in a field. Their brothers, who happened to be near, put him into a deep brook and held him there till he was half drowned. They wouldn't brook the insult, preferring to brook the insulter.

AFTER a scholar has attained a certain age and certain discipline, no knowledge that you can let in upon his mind will do him harm. Cattle may be let into an orchard to graze when the trees are grown up, though not when they are young.

PUNCH says, if you wish to see the teeth of a beautiful young lady, praise her rival before her face. We think the object may often be effected as well by a pretty compliment to herself. And then her teeth appear to the best advantage when we are not afraid of them.

MR. E. H. DAY, of Garrard county, Ky., has advertized for his lost dog. Let the dog, by all means, be restored to him. If every dog has his day, every Day should have his dog.

CHATEAUBRIAND, speaking of a Roman sunset, said it seemed as if all the purple of Rome's consuls and Cæsar's were spread out under the last footsteps of the God of Day.

A WESTERN rhymer says that he writes only when an angel troubles the fountain of his soul. We don't know that the fact of his soul's being troubled gives him the right to trouble the souls of other people.

IT is a common impression that most ladies prefer tall lovers to short ones. So we suppose that we shall not be charged with a want of gallantry in saying that a lady generally likes to *draw a long beau*.

A WELL-KNOWN editor makes his boast that there is no other like him in the country. If there were many, the devil would be to pay, but then there would be an abundance to pay him with.

A FEMALE lecturer who has gone through the country, abusing every body, and almost every thing, talks of betaking herself to pantaloons. It is quite enough for one person to have disgraced the costume of one sex.

WE have received a copy of a pretended literary paper from Illinois, entitled "The Sublime." We have not read it, but we think, from its title, that there is just one step between it and its editor.

"WHAT will be the best method of saving this small beer from depredation?" said a gentleman to his butler. "By placing a cask of strong beer by the side of it."

IT is dangerous to be ignorant where the masses, as in our country, are enlightened. In a general illumination, the unlighted windows are often pelted and broken.

THERE'S no great cause for any one to be afraid of the fellows who parade our streets, armed with dirks. They are generally chaps who *stick at nothing*.

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a young lady to her visitor. "Ah, but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of *you*?"

IT has been very generally thought that no other fort ever suffered so much from a single battle as the piano forte from the Battle of Prague.

SOME people are never witty except from the inspiration of wine. Their wit is like the flying-fish, which shows itself only while its wings are wet.

IT may be said of ladies as well as of vessels, that if they are well manned, they are very certain to be well rigged.

CURRENT ITEMS.

As a woman named Muttlebury was sitting in the door of her log house, one evening a short time since, some fifteen miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, she thought she heard a noise in a tree that stood a short distance from the cabin, and on looking up beheld a panther glaring at her. She at once darted back, and dashed to the door, just as the panther alighted on the threshold. The animal succeeded in getting his head in at the door before it closed—an unfortunate thing for him, as Mrs. Muttlebury was a stout woman and saw her advantage. Pressing against the door with all her force, she held her foe fast, and yelled for aid. Assistance soon came in the person of Mr. Muttlebury, who seized an axe and soon despatched the panther.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian gives an account of the ascent of Mont Blanc by a large party, among whom were several Americans, one of whom, a young lady named Trelawney, slipped over an icy precipice, and fell hundreds of feet into a fissure, where she must have been dashed in pieces. Living or dead, no assistance could be rendered her, and there her remains must lie until the last Trump shall sound.

A FEW days since, as a boy named Burt, sixteen years old, was out hunting in Atlanta county, Mississippi, he came suddenly upon a negro in the forest, who rushed upon him with an axe and tried to cut him down. The little fellow was not to be easily overcome, however; he fought desperately, and after a short struggle stretched his assailant lifeless upon the ground, with a charge of buckshot through his heart.

THERE is soon to be a National Chess Congress in New York, at which all the best players in America will exhibit their skill. Some of the "green ones" have been hoaxed by accounts of a player from Iowa who plays four games at a time blindfolded. This gentleman must be a brother of the blind man who *saw* the "unprovoked assault upon William Patterson."

A GERMAN named Heinrich attempted to drink a hundred glasses of lager bier within eight hours, on a bet, a few evenings since, at a saloon in this city. After drinking seventy glasses he became insensible, and for several hours his life was despaired of. But after a physician had thoroughly pumped him out, and administered some stimulants, he revived.

THE last news from India brings accounts of shocking massacres of Europeans, including women and children, by the enraged Sepoys. On the other hand, the British are taking a terrible revenge, and blow the Sepoys they capture into atoms from the mouth of cannon.

A LARGE party of Camanche Indians recently attacked a company of emigrants in Western Texas, and killed one and wounded three others dangerously; but the white men's rifles were so deadly, that the savages had to retreat, at last.

IN the northern part of Georgia, a rattlesnake was recently killed by a party of hunters, which measured nearly twenty-two feet five inches in length, and had twenty-eight rattles. A dog that belonged to the party was bitten by the monster, and soon died in great agony.

A GERMAN woman named Bauermann, living in Clinton county, Illinois, was recently arrested for whipping a little daughter, five years old, with a large cowhide, until the child fell down in a fit, and died.

MICHAEL GODWIN, a sailor, walked into a low rum-shop in Water street a few evenings since—called for a glass of gin—put a quantity of arsenic in it—coolly drunk off the potation, and died in a few hours.

A CHILD named Susan Norcross, living in Broome street, was choked to death a few days since by a peach-stone which lodged in her throat.

WITHIN four weeks, seven confidential clerks in this city have been detected in the embezzlement of their employers' funds.

THE DAPPLE MARE:

An ancient Legend, Versified and Diversified.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

"Once on a time," as nurses take delight,
There lived a farmer in the land of Kent,
In Massachusetts; but exactly where
Or when, is really more than I can tell.—
Except that he was rich, and lived with his mama and Bridget County.

II.

By patient labor and economic care
He earned, and so enjoyed, his daily bread;
Contented always with his frugal fare,
Ambition to be rich he never had food;
And thus attained to every kind of wealth,
He flourished long in comfort, peace and health.

III.

The gentle partner of his humble lot,
The joy and jewel of his modest life,
Discharged the duties of his parental call,
Like a true woman and a faithful wife;
Her mind improved by thought and useful reading,
Good manners and neat clothes secured her housing.

IV.

Grown old at last, the farmer called his son,
The youngest, (and the favorite, I suppose)
And said — I beg have thought, my darling John,
'Tis time to bring my labors to a close;
So now to sell some to his sire,
And deed, my son, the homestead farm to you."

V.

The boy embraced the hoon with rent delight,
And promised, while their prospects should be counted,
He'd till and tend the farm from mark till night,
And see its pastures handsomely mowed;
God help him, he would never fail to love, nor
He might a grieve his generous sire to grief.

VI.

The farmer said — "Well, so our new proceed,
(You know there's always some bad luck to worry),
And get them to Boston to week the cost!
Come—where's my staff?—we'll soon be on the way.
But John replied, with wonder, that he
"You're old and weak—I'll catch the Dapple Mare."

VII.

This mare was audited, and the next got on!
The boy on his straight, slender back, along;
The while the farmer bade him take care
Regaled his weary way with talk and song.
Arrived at length, they found the Square at hone,
And quickly bid him anywhere they had come.

VIII.

The deed was writ in proper form of law,
With many a "Normal," "Aforesaid," and "the same,"
And made throughout without mistake or flaw
To all but what it should be, and was not.
So all was sealed and executed, duly, and,
Quite clearly, at noon, — at hare and dine.

IX.

Their business done, they left the lawyer's door,
Happier, perhaps, than when they entered there;
And started off as they had come before,—
The son on foot, the father on the mare.
But ere they made a single mile had gone,
A brilliant thought occurred to Master John.

X.

Also for truth—also for filial duty!—
Also that human is the shape of Venus
(His most bewitching form save that of Beauty,)
Whenever she is "on" — or "off" — or "on to ride?"
"Off, off" exclaimed the youngest—"don't her
That you should always ride the Dapple Mare?"

XI.

The son was hasty, and the sire was old,
And so, with nasty an oath and many a frown,
The hardest farmer did as he was told:
The man got off the steed; the boy got on,
And rode along as sat among the clouds,
And left his sire to trudge it home on foot!

XII.

That night, while seated round the kitchen fire
The household sat, absorbed in'st no word,
Or deed, prevented the highest father's ire,
Or ought to make him mad but "so occurred.—
Then spoke he to his son — "We quite forgot,
I think, if nothin that little trouble it."

XIII.

"To, very sure, my son, it wouldn't hurt it,"
Calmly observed the gentleman sire,
"To take the boat, my boy, and carry it."
Here the old sharp inserts he—as the fore!
Then came child with most triumphant air,
"*If he now, my son, shall ride the Dapple Mare.*"

THE ISLAND PRINCESS,

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "Fair Play," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

"There are such knots in life—strong tackling bonds—
That all the work of wearers is their ruin;
They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
Does it bewildering make, they part in twain
Where it but carries, like a turtle of egg."
—Ben Jonson's Masque of the Fortune Way.

"Very much with the thought's proper—He will
Stamped with past years—and is it shrewds as a devil !"
—Shakespeare.

In the meanwhile, Wilfrid Braide walked up and down the front piazza, musing upon the strange circumstances that had attended his earliest wishes. The more he reflected upon the character and position of the guardian, the more thoroughly he became convinced of the imminent necessity of her being immediately delivered from his power. That Julius Luxmore would not scruple to make use of any means for the accomplishment of his purposes, he felt assured. The question with the young island labored was how to effect her escape. While intensely studying this problem, he was still upon old Timon sauntering alone through the grove. In the time that he had spent on the island, he had especially noticed the great devotion of this aged servant to his fair young mistress. He walked rapidly down the steps, across the lawn, and into the grove, where the old man lingered.

Timon took off his hat with his usual humble "Servant, sir."

"Timon—come farther into the shade. I want to speak to you of your young mistress. Tell me, now, whom do you love best—Miss L'Orient, or Mr. Luxmore ?"

Timon looked up with a sly, intelligent smile, and said—

"Young master, I see how things be gettin on! I does took notice oh Mr. Julius's comin' up from de boat; yes. Howsoe, oh my heart! I sees good how she ain't got a mind for him now! and as for me, young master, I is willin to do anythin' in de world to 'bote de happiness oh Miss Ellwill."

Wilfrid blushed, but his own motives should be misconstrued, even by this most humble of judges, and he hastened to say—

"The change in your young lady's opinion of her guardian is not without the best reason. And all that is necessary to promote her happiness is to get her out of his power, and under the protection of her old friend, Dr. Crampton and his sisters, from whom house she can appeal to the Orphan's Court."

While making this confidence, Wilfrid Braide had narrowly watched the countenance of the old man, whose honest gaze did not once flinch, and who now replied :

"I'on my true! me to de derl wid anythin' as is for Miss Ellwill's good."

"I do believe you. But is there any among the women for whose fidelity in such a matter you would answer? because, in her capacity, Miss L'Orient should have a female attendant."

"Master, I can be equalous for my ole 'oman, Moll—dat is all. Not but what all de odem is kaine' tough, an' love Miss Ellwill 'tough ; but dem, maester, dey's feared o' Mons. Julius. Eh, I wouldn' like to trust 'em."

"Can you procure a boat—let us see—between midnight and day?"

"Why, Mr. Beitee there so, young maester! I has de'e'sense 'cud ob de boats."

"Then select a good, sound, safe boat, such as may be managed by me and you. And, let me see—the most unfrequented part of the island is the bathing pool of your young lady, Crystal Creek ?"

"True for you, maester; no one ever sets foot there, 'cept 'ole Miss Ellwill and her maid."

WILFRID BRAIDE AND OLD TIMON PLANNING THE ESCAPE OF ELOILE.

"And the quietest time in the twenty-four hours is about two o'clock in the morning. Now, Timon, can you leave the boat in readiness on Crystal Creek, about that hour ?"

"Sartain, maester !"

"How will you be able to know the time ?"

"Maester, I gotten my awake till midnight. I allow knows when it is midnight, by de crowin' o' de roosters ; an' mornin I can guess at six hour or two by-hand ; anyways, if I should be a little lates two o'clock, be sure I won't be a half a second late."

"Very well. Be vigilant and faithful, and you shall be richly rewarded, old man," replied Wilfrid.

Finally, his guardian angel inspired him with the idea of profitably employing a portion of the young island in preparing for his manner of his undertaking. He sank upon his knees and prayed that he might be delivered from all selfish purposes and serve the friendless orphan with an eye single to her interest, and that the "Father of the fatherless" might crown his efforts in her behalf with success. As he arose from his knees the clock struck two!

He took his hat, stole softly to the door and paused.

The door was fast locked! He was a prisoner.

For a moment the discovery of his folly, with all the consequences to be deducted from it, almost paralyzed his energies! But the next instant he had recovered his presence of mind and activity of resources. He suddenly recollected a chest that had lain for days upon his wash-basket. It was but the work of a few minutes to take that instrument and with it force back the catch of the lock and free himself.

He then hurried softly through the dark and silent hall and down the stairs.

All below was mute and black as death and Erebus.

Cautiously unfastening the hall door, he paced the piazza and presently found himself before the window of Eloile's boudoir. Against the wall leaned a ladder.

"So far—well! Timon has been punctual in placing this means of escape at hand," he thought, and ascending a few of the rungs he called, in a soft tone—

"Miss L'Orient! Miss L'Orient !"—and listened. But no voice replied.

He went up farther and called out louder; but without success.

Growing very anxious he ascended to the top of the ladder; put his head in at the window, and called eagerly—"Miss L'Orient!—Miss L'Orient!"

Still all was dark, and cold, and silent.

"This is no time for false delicacy. She must forgive me, when I mean well," said Wilfrid, and much alarmed, as he turned himself in at the window, and groped his way through the boudoir, and through the adjoining bedroom, still calling on the name of Eloile. But neither sound nor motion answered him ; all was dark and silent as death and the grave.

Death was gone!

Half frantic with terror, upon her account, Wilfrid Braide hurried through the window and down the ladder, and was with alternate haste and delay on to the cabin of Timon, at the door of which he knocked and thundered, exclaiming—

"Timon! Timon! are you there? What is the meaning of this?"

"Yes, de family, Mars Wilfrid, honey, come in, yerself! I can't move! I done tied hand and foot!" answered the voice of the old man.

Wilfrid pushed the door open and entered the cabin, which was as dark as any other place in that dark night.

Fool on to de shelf! dere for de match and de candle, maester, and light it, and I tell you all about it," said Timon's voice, from the obscurity.

Wilfrid found a match and struck a light, and, revealed to him the form of poor old Timon, bound hand and foot with strong cords, and thrown upon the bed of his cabin. Without an instant's delay he seized a sharp knife, cut the cords, and helped the old man to his feet.

"Now, then, what is the meaning of all this?" inquired Wilfrid.

"Couldn't tell you, to save my life, Maester, only I reckon how Mars Julius done found wo-dem out, and ourwitted us!" "Come 'bout an hour ago, he done come here and threw me down, and tie me, and leave me here without any more of a word."

A terrible idea occurred to Wilfrid.

"Come! there is no quickly! to the boat!" he said, and rushed forth into the night.

The old man hurried after as fast as age and infirmity would permit him.

They reached Crystal Creek just in time, dimly to discern that a boat had left the shore, and was now some quarter of a mile out upon the bay.

"He has carried her off! He would not have done it by force, since that must have created a disturbance which would have reached my ears! He has carried her off by fraud. He will take her on board his chartered ship! Quick! prepare a boat, and let us row for life! I will follow you shiftee! I will board that ship! I will rescue her or die!" exclaimed Wilfrid, vehemently.

"It will be ob, then, Maester ; but nobody else'n will call old Timon a coward in his old days," said the poor creature, who, with the air of a martyr, went to prepare the boat.

But Wilfrid would not let the old man risk his safety by accompanying him. Alone he entered the light skiff, and using both oars, propelled it rapidly over the water. He could not linger on the other boat, but he rowed directly for the distant ship, seen by the light at the prow, and which he naturally supposed to be the chartered vessel of Julius Luxmore.

His light skiff flew like a sea-bird over the surface of the bay, and quickly touched the side of the vessel.

Without a moment's hesitation he seized the ladder, and stood upon the deck, face to face with his sister, Barbara Braide, whose languor had anchored above an hour before!

"Wilfrid!"

"Barbara!"

They gazed upon each other in amazement for a moment, and then rushed together in a hearty embrace.

And while hurried explanations occupy them, we must return to see what has become of Eloile.

We said that on reading Wilfrid Braide's note, with its promise of speedy release, her heart had leaped with gladness. But to follow his advice at all, or at any time, but that was impossible! There was no repose to her settled sorrow that night. However, the maiden was young and very strong, and the loss of a single night's rest would scarcely be felt by her fine organization. So she blew out her light, drew the bolts across her door, closed the blinds, and sat down by the window to watch the night and think till two o'clock. At eleven every one about the house had apparently retired. At twelve it was to be supposed that all were buried in sleep. And yet two hours remained of the long, weary hour of midnight when all nature seemed wrapped in dusk-like repose. Then she, every nerve acute with listening, heard the most softly breathed beneath her window. She silently opened the shutter and murmured—"Do not speak again. I am here." And taking her head in, she quickly put on her bonnet and mantle and reappeared at the window, against which a short ladder had been leaned.

A figure muffled in a large cloak, though this was July, waited at the foot. Lightly Eloile descended the steps by which she was received by the man, who bowed, and making a signal of silence, took her hand, and with a rapidly beating heart, followed. Both took the direction of the Crystal Creek. The path was narrow, and they went single file, her having been accustomed to tread it. It led through the densest portion of the thick jungle of wood that filled the island.

The guide went on in silence. Eloile followed—the palpitation of her heart, the agitation of her whole frame, preventing her from wishing for conversation.

It was still very dark, so that even when they emerged from the jungle on the shore of the beach and the expanse of water seemed only fainter than the surrounding darkness. The guide then looked only a blacker mask upon the dark water. The boat was alone.

Where were the servants! Are not Moll and Timon to go with me?" inquired Eloile, for the first time speaking, in a tone of alarm.

But her guide lifted up his finger to enjoin perfect silence, and took her hand to assist her into the boat. A strange misgiving upon account of the absence of her attendants seized the heart of Eloile. She was aware that she was acting wrongly with her feelings, and as her confidence in Wilfrid Braide was somewhat unshaken, she firmly stepped into the boat and took her seat in the stern. Her companion followed, and then sat down, and taking the two oars began to ply them. The boat glided swiftly over the still dark surface of the creek out into the bay, and in the direction indicated in the course towards the coast of Northumberland, that Eloile knew. The guide continued to row, though he had been born dumb, and Eloile, now that she was aware that she was with only a single attendant, began, from a feeling of bashfulness remained quiet. Her misgivings increased. There seemed to be no necessity now that the boat was far from land for this continued silence. It grew oppressing, alarming. If she knew anything at all of those the trial no longer, but spoke out, in a low agitated voice, that was yet firm, and full of command and the stillness frightening her more—inquiring—

"Mr. Braide, excuse me, please, but where are my servants? Why were they not sent with me?"

A low derisive laugh answered her question!

"Oh, my God! I am betrayed!" cried Eloile, with a stifled shriek.

"Not quite stripped, fair plotter!" answered the voice of Julius Luxmore.

"Oh, mercy, mercy, oh, God help me in my bitter extremity!" the cried, in the anguish of her agony, burying her face in her hands and dropping her head upon her bosom.

Then followed a short pause, during which no sound was heard but the dipping of the oars. Eloile remained half stunned with sudden despair: Luxmore, scorned, repulsed, and enraged, as he had been by her, now that the object of his passion was at a fatal, gloated over the sight of her sufferings. Presently he broke the horrid, agonizing silence by rally than the shock and throw off the beautiful head upon his breast.

"What in the meaning of this, wench?" at length she asked, in rising indignation, as she lifted up her head.

"I will tell you, my beauty!" replied Luxmore, in a tone of bitter irony. "Knowing the necessity of this is, that I suspected and watched your hopeful young guest, Wilfrid Braide, and when I saw him approaching your other guide, philosopher, and friend, old Timon; discovered their plan to liberate you, and determined not only to prevent it, but to avail myself of it, to get you more thoroughly in my power. So I left old Timon safely in room, turned a key privately upon Master Wilfrid, and offered myself beneath your window as his substitute."

"Marvaunt! why have you done this?" exclaimed the young girl indignantly.

"Do not call ill names, and I will tell you, my dear," replied Luxmore, with a mocking softness of tone that seemed to taste and chew the ecstasy of revenge.—"I will tell you my beloved! Because I have resolved to make you my wife! a serious measure out of my power, for there were never a clergyman nor a lawyer, or any one willing of your lover to protect you in an emergency. But having abducted you by a ruse de guerre the island, I availed myself of the opportunity of entrapping you! Your life and honor are now absolutely at my mercy."

Eloile clasped her fingers convulsively and threw her eyes despairingly over the solitary waste of sky and water, as if in hopeless appeal for help. In after years she remembered the dark, silent, empty scene, as if it had been disinterrupted forever on her brain. A single sail, dimly seen, far off another, a short distance off; a leaden breath,

a her pearl, threw a long line of light a cable's length past, and across their course.

Withdrawing her eyes from this dreary prospect, she turned them upon the dark figure of her guide.

"Father! whither are you taking me?"

"I will inform you, my sweet." To the North-unlettered coast, to a lonely cabin of which I keep the key; which shall become the tower of my bride; and from which, when the shall emerge, she will be but too happy to turn her back upon all that legalize and sanctify our union?" he answered, with deliberate and demoniac irony.

Elodie, who "understood a lawyer in his words, but not his words," started and recoiled in the further limits of her seat. They were now approaching that long line of light from the lantern in the prow of the ship at anchor that lay in their way. She cast a startled glance at the water beneath, and then a despairing gaze at the ship beyond. Oh, that ship! no near, yet for all purposes of help, so far!

Julius Latrume saw both look and gesture, and laughed aloud, exclaiming scornfully—"Ah, pretty one! even you are at length aware that you cannot escape me—in testimony whereof, behold my hand and deal!"—and forcing the fair one, regardless of the danger of rocking the boat he darted towards her, and would have seized and embraced her; but with a terrified cry Elodie sprang into the sea, the waves of which immediately closed over her head.

So sudden, so startling, so appalling had been this act, that Julius Latrume for a few moments remained quite stricken! but the next moment, he quickly threw off his coat, and placed himself on watch for the reappearance of his victim.

She soon shows the surface of the water, at some distance from the boat, rose on the wave, and attempted to strike out bravely for the latter, but being encumbered and thrown back by her cloth ing, she made no progress, and even strove in vain to keep afloat. Recovering from his first consternation, and seeing her struggles, Latrume uttered with a shout of vindictive triumph, urged his boat towards her struggling form. As she emerged once he must soon have reached and re-captured his prize; but when the next moment appeared, Latrume let himself drop from the bulwarks of the ship, and struck out gallantly for the drifting girl, where first in her mind, and here chiefly with the aid of a board gangway ladder, and up upon the deck of the—Queen Queen!—for this was the name of Barbara Brandz which had just an hour before dropped anchor here.

Elodie, half suffocated and half exhausted, gave vent to a convulsive sob, recovered her breath, looked up to thank her brave preserver, and recognized Wilfrid Brandz!

"Oh, my brave young rescuer! but how should you be here whom I thought detained upon the Island? she exclaimed, in a dripping agony of woe.

"I will inform you presently, young lady; now let me present you to my sister," he replied, as Barbara Brandz advanced to the gangway to receive them.

But before they met, at the instant of Wilfrid's speaking a word touching the Island, Barbara and Julius Latrume sprung up the ladder and stood upon the deck.

"Where is the girl you picked up, fellow? Deliver her to me; she is my fugitive child!" he exclaimed, advancing towards the group.

"Save me! save me!" cried Elodie springing for protection to the bosom of Barbara.

"Be composed, you are saved!" returned the dame, her voice of the noble girl, as she folded one arm around the shrinking form of the little maiden, and lifted the other with outstretched hand to bar the nearer approach of the intruder.

"Give up that child instantly to her natural protector!" he exclaimed, in a peremptory tone, which was as yet so dark in the quarter of the vessel that, being still in the gangway, he had not recognized the persons to whom he spoke.

"Light the lantern!" ordered Barbara, in that clear, ringing, metallic tone that struck him as a sound familiar, yet long subdued.

And in another instant light flashed from all parts of the vessel, giving to full view, all the persons on the deck.

And Barbara Brandz and Julius Latrume stood face to face! For a second, the traitor quailed before her calm, clear, commanding eye; and for the next moment, rallying his courage, with desperate assurance, he said—

"Deliver up my ward! I insist upon it."

"Isabel Allen, by all accounts, is a woman you to do so!" replied Barbara, with cool contempt.

"What you give up my ward?" he demanded, with rage.

"Oh, certainly; how can you doubt it?" mocked Barbara.

"Answer seriously, woman!"

"It would be absurd to answer seriously, just as if you had a right to ask?"

"Barbara that child, I command you, girl!" he exclaimed, furiously.

"How I should love to obey your command, especially as it would relieve me of trouble!"

Maddened with rage he strode forward to seize the maiden.

"Back, sir, at your peril!" thundered Barbara, with eyes blazing with defiance, and arm extended in command, as she advanced to meet him upon her broad beam.

Latrume recoiled before the "embodied storm" he had provoked.

Wilfrid had sprung to the side of his sister, to protect both her and her charge.

"Good sailor, Wilfrid, my son!" Mary, call all hands up!" she ordered, in her customary clear, resounding tones.

And in a moment every man was on deck.

"Listen now to me, Julius Latrume. Regain the mainland of the gulf as quickly as you can! either by land, force, or fraud! You are free to depart in peace, and if, in two minutes, you do not leave the island, I will have you seized in front and delivered up to the nearest authority."

"By what right, I would ask you, do you dare do this?" exclaimed Latrume, in a voice of concentrated rage.

"That is a question that I shall know how to answer before the proper tribunal. You have heard the conditions of your leave of absence; depart in peace. One minute has elapsed; with you I talk no more. Mary, bring hither that counselor," she said, with quiet contempt.

"Sir—sir! you have no right for this!" cried Latrume, turning white as a lime, shaking his fist convulsively, and gritting his teeth with fury, as he retreated down the ladder to regain his boat.

"Wrecked! wrecked! wrecked! scarce than from the dark of the Mercury! Lost, lost! lost! a girl's dream and a man's soul!" muttered Isadore, unconsciously, in a tone of deep anguish, as she watched his receding skiff. Then, burying her despair deep in her own breast, she looked upon her friend's changing, changeful mind, and said—

"Look up, sweet girl! your tormentor has gone! You are now safe and free. Come hither and change your dress to lie down and rest."

It was now growing light.

Barbara took her charge down into the cabin; relieved her of her dripping clothes; supplied their place with loose and comfortable garments; made her drink a glass of cordial, and left her to her own state-room to lie down and sleep. But, before seeking repose, Elodie kneeled beside the berth and silently offered up her thanks to Heaven for the preservation of her life. Barbara lingered until the little maiden had laid her head upon the pillow; then kissed her, drew the cover over her shoulders, closed the blinds, and shut softly out of the state-room.

She crossed the cabin to an opposite door, and listened to hear if there were any stirring within. The sound of light footsteps and low voices met her ear. She rapped softly, and the door was opened by Susan Cogswood.

"Your lady is awake, Susan?"

"Yes, Miss Brandz, come in."

"You come in, dear girl. I have been awake for hours," said the sweet voice of Elodie.

Barbara entered, and sat down beside the berth where the lady reclined.

"The noise on deck I suppose awoke you, Madam."

"Yes."

"We were dropping the anchor and taking in sail. We are near the Island," said Barbara, who had waited to prepare her guest for the next good news.

"Near the Island at last! It is now almost midnight! How cruel to keep me so long!" exclaimed Elodie, eagerly rising upon her elbow, and flinging back the long, rich masses of her hair, scattered in the coup and follies—a shadowy veil around her elegant pale face.

"It was by no your daughter Elodie within an hour," answered Barbara.

Elodie's countenance beamed with joy.

"You may see her even sooner if you can dress and rise," continued Miss Brandz.

"Susan, my dressing gown! hand me my shoes! bind up my hair! Dearest Barbara, I shall be ready as soon as you can leave me," said the delighted Elodie, leaving her bed.

"There is no hurry to prepare the boat," said Miss Brandz, significantly.

"Not to prepare the boat, you?" exclaimed the lady, pausing in the preparation of her toilet, and gazing in an agony of anxiety upon her friend.

"Elodie is not on the Island."

"Where? where?" cried Elodie, starting up and springing towards her friend.

"Lady, be calm and I will give you every satisfaction," replied Barbara, taking her hand and gently but firmly re-seating her.

"One word—is she safe?"

"Safe, unharmed, unharmed, but also unprepared as yet to meet her mother. Lady, listen. I will tell your mother—I will tell your father—that I will bring you to your daughter."

"Oh, is it possible? am I awake and in my senses? shall I see Elodie?"

"In less than half an hour! Compose yourself and lie down, that I may leave you to prepare for the meeting."

"Then pray have him called."

Barbara rose from her place and summoned his brother.

Wilfrid entered the cabin, bowing. The lady looked up and held out her hand.

"Sir, I owe you my daughter and thanks are poor and weak to express how much I owe you for the protection of this child. God grant that by your brave heroism, I may be about to receive I now rest!" said the mother, as her bosom heaved with the swell of emotion.

Wilfrid, with tenth grace, lifted the hand of the lady and pressed to his lips, and said—

"Madam, I am more blessed than I ever deserved to be by being chosen to save so lovely an object, else to serve you, and——" he paused abruptly, and bowed his head, with a look of confusion and seen a swift sly glance at Elodie, who, with her face turned away, was with quick shades of both youth and maiden as their eyes met, and then both looked down.

"Is it so? Well, well, he has saved her life and heart! I have no right to be angry with either of youth! Let him be worthy of her, and when a proper time comes he shall have her!"

With a wild, bitter, and, as it were, sigh of coffee," said his sister, to break up an embarrassing pause that was drawing out the silence into awkwardness.

After the morning meal was over, there was a consultation in the cabin.

"It will be necessary for you, lady, to go to the county town to take certain legal steps to enable you to assume the guardianship of your daughter and her patrimony. The county town is Rastrike, Rastrike, the head town of the county of Isle Headland. Therefore, if you please, we will steer directly for the Island."

The lady eagerly acquiesced. And in half-an-hour the anchor was got up and the ship set sail for her new destination.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ISLAND AND ITS CAVALCADE.

"Then his own wife, she could not see.
Because of the mist that hung around,
Then was but one such vein for her,
And that was Marmaduke."

"Marmaduke Wyvill."

There's not a link, a word of thine,
But in my heart's deep core I keep.
Then never think me a ringlet stolen,
Or lock of hair you gave me, cruel maiden.
Which I remember not?"

Ian.

At eleven o'clock the Queen Queen cast anchor off the Headland. The long boat was lowered, and the mother and daughter, with Barbara and Wilfrid, descended into it, were rowed across to the beach. They landed, and began to ascend the bank. At the top they overtook old Hopgood, with a bundle of soft cake in his hand. His mistress took him aside and said to him—

"His my one cause, Neptune?"

"Lors yes, chile, come de mistis—four, five, sure as I'm alive! Dat daughter looks as was here some years back. Armpley, she done gone up to de manor. I 'spects you'll see her soon."

"Very well, go on," said Barbara, who then returned to the side of Elodie. They were approaching the manor.

"It appears to me that the place is occupied," said Elodie.

"Madam—yes! It is occupied temporarily."

"Perhaps I had better remain on board a moment longer," said the young lady, with a look of consternation.

"Lady!" said Barbara, "you have five nerves, and no moral scruples! and they give—earn it now!"

"Miss Brandz, what mean you?" inquired Elodie, in some alarm.

"That you that your parents were seeking you!"

"Yes—well?"

"They are not far off. Come into your old bed chamber and lay off your bonnet, and compose yourself for a few minutes," said Miss Brandz, opening the door, and conducting Elodie and her daughter into a back room. Then, while they arranged their dress, she passed into the parlor and closed the door after her. And though a lady of distinguished presence and three gentlemen occupied the room, she lifted her finger to her lip as a sign of silence, and advanced straight up to the youngest of those gentlemen. He arose to receive her, saying, in a low voice :—

"Miss Brandz, your letter has brought not only myself, but, as you see, our whole party—Sir Parke, Lady Myrtle, and Dunbright. Oh, Barbara! surely you could not hold out any but a certain hope!"

"Speak softly, Lord Eagle Tower! She is not far off. She does not know your presence here."

Sir Parke who had also approached the spot where she stood, heard this piece of news and called out to be would have fallen. Lady Myrtle hastened to his side, and led him to the nearest seat, wiped the hooded drops from his brow, and bathed his temples in his nostrils. Her helper had, certainly, the most self-command of the whole party. Lord Eagle Tower, after having thus disposed his companions, Barbara took Lord Eagle Tower aside and said—

"I will bring her in now. You and Lord Dunbright had best retire for a few minutes.

He nodded—he could scarcely speak—for he too was very much shaken.

Barbara slipped through the door, and met face to face with Estelle,who was standing there as rigid as a statue with astonishe, with her eyes staring towards the parlor.

Barbara closed the door, took her hand, and led her gently back into the chamber.

"Lady—dear Madam, what is the matter?"

"Mistress! Mistress!—I have heard Mistress—Lavenie's voice. I heard it just now! Oh! it was no law, yet I heard it!"

"Well, you heard it! Compose yourself, dear lady! Summon your great strength and go in! Miss Mary Lavenie is there with her husband and she opened the door.

Estelle paused, and entered the shadowy parlor—the tumult of her mind causing the scene to swim before her—so that at first she could not recognize any person.

But an aged form tottered towards her and fell upon her bosom, saying—

"Oh, Estelle—my child! my child! can you forgive your old father?"

She sank at his feet and kissed his hands, and said—

"Forgive and bless us, my father."

But Sir Parke, the subdued and broken old nobleman, could not speak till his wife had laid her over to her mother, who, with a burst of tears, received her in her arms. Estelle and Lavenie were then both, upon the sofa, and wept while she pressed her mother's hand, or stroked her fair face with the soft hair of the lady's child that she too had recovered. Then Estelle was brought to her father, and to her grandmother, who completed her beauty with pride and pleasure.

"Where is Lord Myrtle said—

"There is another who is waiting to see our Estelle. Come, Sir Parke, take your grandchild in your arms, and let us go into the adjoining room, and give this faithful friend an opportunity to plead his cause."

The learned arose, and leading Estelle and accompanied by his wife, passed into the back room.

Estelle sank upon the sofa—the beating of her heart almost suffocating.

A moment passed and Lord Eagle Tower was in the room and at her side.

What was first said on either side they could not tell. Words were almost another! It was a mere agitated, tumultuous intervieww, in which all that either learned at first was, that neither heart was changed towards the other. Lord Eagle Tower received the meaning of the sacrifice that she had made, and Estelle received the supererogatory nature of her long self-immolation.

"Estelle, dearest!"

"My Estelle! my love! my wife! you deemed me false! Estelle, you could not suppose me false! In my own! all these years of absence have you only taken root deeper and deeper into my heart! believe me, dear love, I am not worthy of you! my wife! my innermost self, not now, not to-day only, but from the beginning, from eternity you have been my own! Oh!suffering one! and did you think that I could commune half-an-hour with you, with my heart! or that another could ever fill your place there? Impossible in fact! meriegious in theory! Estelle, dearest, forgive my boyish extravagance! I meant no—I loved said a paganetry of beauty—I worshiped the woman, as lovely, perhaps, as my Estelle. But not one among them was mine, was worthy to be mine! my soul was not there! undistly filled. I moved among them, my eyes enjoying, in common with others, the sight of their beauty, but my heart was not there! it was with the appropriate any among them. I moved amid the gayeties of London unheeded. I had been a hermit, dead, with his whole heart filled, his whole nature harmoniously satisfied with life of his choice! For my heart was full of the love of my only possible wife, though her presence lighted another hemisphere!"

Draw the veil. The full interview between such lovers as these is not to be revealed, or even imaginatively re-united, is almost too sacred for description.

But little more remains to be told.

That same afternoon a messenger sent to Hoodlehe reached the worthy Scotch Governor with a special license, and before the set of sun Estelle was Lady Eagle Tower.

They remained a few days at the Headland, during which time Lord Eagle Tower had the delight of relieving the Governor of his office, and of installing his friend and brother-in-law in the place and property of her child. It is needless to say that Sir Parke and his wife received the general appointment by Lord Eagle Tower.

Then, with a large retinue of all the Wellington, when Lord Eagle Tower received dispatches appointing him Governor of the Island of Cuff—of course

LENORE.

BY ELLEN M. BRYAN.

"And Venus well that when she died
They made blood a grave beside
The blue palace of the Nile."

Deep does lay the dark blue water,
Though my heart should break for this,
Still my love to me is Lenore.

Spirits of the dark blue water
All the night watch over thy grave,
Lest the winds that rustle weave
Wake thee, Lenore.

And the angels of the sky,
Resting from the storm on high,
She is crossed now I weep and,
Fast Lenore!

Oh, the mournful hour was this!
When I saw the last kiss
Was an splendid and so rare,
My poor Lenore.

Often in the lonely night,
Come there, through the misty light,
Some pale form, in robes of white,
Like thee, Lenore.

Sadness on the cold brow lies,
And the mournful, long eyes
Gaze all tearful on the skies—
Whose thy Lenore?

I have planted o'er thy grave
Forest flowers—willows by the wave,
Rising, weeps them to come more
From thee, Lenore.

Ah, while they wert dressed to weep,
Thou did falsely shock, kisses swept
Passion-born from o'er the deep,
Young Lenore.

In sleep in bottle the grave,
It were well if all, like thee,
Rested now as peacefully,
Gifted Lenore.

A SENSIBLE MAN.

HOW ARTHUR PERCY WON HIS BRIDE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"No sensible man," said Mr. Dell, "will ever renew a rejected offer of marriage."

"But Dell," answered he unto whom his remark was addressed, "how if the lady did not know her mind, and only meant to be coy at first?"

"Any sensible woman would be sure to know her own mind," Mr. Dell replied; "and no lady ever should be considered as final. The idea of a man meddling in the renewal of a refusal is absurd! Bah, it sickens me!"

"But this does not seem to me so very absurd," Mrs. Hayward resumed; "I can easily conceive of circumstances in which a man would be throwing up his best chance of happiness by so quietly yielding up the attempt to win the heart and hand once denied him. Misunderstandings will often wreck, Mr. Dell, and you must really pardon me for differing from you. Sometimes it is to learn the merits of their lovers and to grow into a knowledge of their own hearts. It may sound like a humiliating confession to make, but I am perfectly believe many of my sisters go through life with blighted, barren hearts, simply because they once from pique, or real or unconscious coquetry, or sorrowful lack of understanding their own emotions, or whatever motive was strongest at the time, refused the offered hand of the man whom they should have married. A great many of these prove themselves sensible women by steadfastly refusing to marry without love; others, driven by a martyr-like perseverance in a struggle with their own hearts till they have lost every vital power; while others, unreal and embittered in feeling, join the ranks of ancient maidenhood and help to deepen the contempt with which the world looks upon that lonely but not necessarily lovelorn class of womanhood. And others, who are wrong of all carry pygmy to the altar, and show the ring which is for their sake the token of their self-made slavery, and the seal of the most hideous lie, to be pressed upon their unwilling fingers!"

"Nevertheless, Mrs. Hayward, I hold to my first opinion. Sensible persons who have arrived at a marriageable age, should be sufficiently self-reliant and be reasonable in their love affairs, just as in all other affairs of life. No man should offer himself to a woman from whom he has not received sufficient encouragement, contrary or indecisive, seriously, to leave an reasonable doubt of his acceptance by her. And you infer she should enough to know very well when you have gone far enough in your telling. Surprise, indeed! Do you intend to assert, Mrs. Hayward, that a woman ever takes by surprise by an offer of marriage?"

"Certainly I do, and that in the face of your assertion to the contrary, and hopelessly as they are talking a theory, and I gain my opinions from observation—yes, and from experience. I have never recollect to have been more thoroughly surprised than I was myself when I received my first and your brother, Mr. Dell, a middle-aged widower, offered to make me Mrs. Dell and the mistress of his household, as well as mamma to Frank Dell, who, to my certain knowledge, is not a year younger than myself."

"I am bound to believe you, Mrs. Hayward; but," acknowledged Dell that was an exceptional case."

"Indeed I will not, then, for such surprises occur every day, even where the parties are sensible and in age and condition; and it is in such cases where I believe a sensible man will try for a second and time."

"What—submit to the possibility of a second mortifying repulse? I cannot acknowledge it!"

"But I am well believe, the I am sure Mr. Dell would not have remained a widower to this day. Sometimes I have doubted whether your sensitive fear of a refusal would have allowed you to make even the first offer."

"You are personal, my dear madam!"

"I acknowledge it, and—to change the direction of my remarks—do you think Arthur Percy a sensible man?"

"My dear Mrs. Hayward, how can you doubt it? No one stands higher in my estimation than he."

"Do you know anything of his history? And as you accompanied Mr. Hayward and myself to his wedding last week, what did you think of his bride, and of the manner of the marriage?"

"You know I thought the latter very bad made an excellent choice. I regarded Miss Manners as the woman of all others most calculated to make him happy. Her serene self-control arrested my attention at once; but I observed beneath it a latent energy that I thought had been well governed by long habit, but was what was wanting to preserve the balance in their married life, as by direct contrast to Percy's dreamy habit of thought. But—no, I know almost nothing of his history."

"You do know, perhaps, that Arthur Percy is the son of my step-mother—that excellent woman who made our home so beautiful and happy for many years, and who has only lately gone to her rest. Arthur Percy was a child of six years when my father brought him with his mother to our home. He lived there with us as our brother—a very dear brother in one, who was one like age, and much younger than my own brothers.

"Of course I knew him well—thoroughly. I was the confidant of all his childish fancies—of the shifts and combinations of his school days—of the struggles of his early manhood. No one knew better than I the sensitive, shrinking delicacy of his nature. No one knew better than he the intensity passionate life he hidden beneath that quiet, dreamy exterior—the capacity for deep feelings that burn, and thrill, and surge in his soul at times when nothing by word, or look, or action, gives to prove more than the unruffled calm of his usual aspect.

"When such a man loves it is with no feeling devotion. He worships forever at the earliest shrine of his adoration. He gives his heart for well being, and only the dissolution of that being can destroy his love. I used to trouble as I listened to the impassioned utterance of Arthur's poet-soul, poured out in verse, long before he had written of love, except from an humble consciousness of his own capacity for loving. I knew that as he wrote he would forget himself in the power of expressing emotions otherwise unawakened, and I dreaded lest he should love unwisely or unworthily. I dreaded lest repulse or change should break the fine chords as he adored—adjure to the Deity the harmonies of the universal passion. Yet I hoped that he might find his baptism in the hour of his heart's awakening, and shielded the trembly with an interest deepened by my own happy marriage with Mr. Hayward.

"Soon after Arthur left college he went, in pursuance of the object of his father's choice, to a geographical engineer, into the northern part of New England to superintend the construction of a projected railroad. Percy took brought his letters from him, and we were very glad to know that he was contented in his new vocation, and that the gathering around him many excellent acquaintances and a few choice friends. From other sources we learned that in the city where he had taken up his abode he was looked upon as a rising young man, and was as highly esteemed for his talents as worth, so for his undoubted abilities.

"We learned that he was much in society, and from himself, from time to time, we received descriptions of the ladies with whom he visited, however, seemed to awaken in his a warmer feeling than that of friendship. After a year or two, however, he mentioned one name more frequently than another in his letters—that of Laura Manners.

"He described Miss Manners as a very beautiful girl, not strictly beautiful, but to him most charming. She was of a dark brunette type, and possessing in her sunny cheerfulness, that was always delicious and refined, she betrayed in every act such a child-like purity and innocence of heart, as made that to sound he had been attracted towards her from the first, and a deeper, truer, if not as ardent, as he said, 'his other self,' he confided how he loved her. Such strength of his to passionate nature.

"'Oh, Ada!' he would write, 'if Laura Manners would but love me and be my wife, I feel I would soon all the result to contain the great trial—the mission that would prove my life, but I dare not ask this lovely creature to be my wife. I am a poor and soon as old health the happiness youthfulness which seems to float about her. I dare not put my fate to the test, for a rejoice would destroy me. I could not bear it. I have my feelings. I am conscious of being unusually sensitive, and am oppressed with an almost fear reserve when in her presence. Soon after she returned from a visit to some friends in Vermont, her whisper to her sister, 'Is this the interesting Arthur Percy about whom you have written so much to me? Is he a poet? If so he forgo all his fine theories for his own benefit, for I am sure that I have scarcely heard his speak the words of poetry except in that prosy political discussion with Mr. Dell.' Which was true. Arthur was much more reserved in her presence, since that shocky whisper found its way to his ear, and only at the time he must she think of me—of course she cannot love me, and my hopes are as fruitless as they are insane.'

"I wrote, urging him either to learn his fate at once, or to withdraw from the vicinity of his fascinating girl; but for a long time he continued to lover almost hopeless, and to doubt either his power either to excite from her attractions, or to recommend himself to her regard.

"A high circumstances brought him suddenly to the crisis of his fate. It became necessary in the construction of a portion of the road to remove him from the city where Miss Manners resided. At the hour of parting, the trembly, which he had long kept all upon his lips, and yet remained unspoken, found utterance. He poured out the story of his love in words full of passionate eloquence. He told of all his trembling hopes, all his chilling fear; he laid it before her in the form of a poem, which, as it was long been planned; he exhausted every epithet of love, and then, in the most wretchedly tasteless and blushing, drowned face for his answer.

"The hand he had taken in his to say farewell, and forgotten to release in the excitement of his expressed emotions burst their barrier of silence, and lay cold and passive in the hands of its agonizing pain. The gently eyes were hidden beneath their long dark lashes, and the first intimation that she heard his words with emotion. She was silent, and he waited till his sick heart told him that silence was its only answer. Then he arose and got up without at least confessed, and so he said, in length, and for the first time, that he was grieved if she had been taken by surprise, how she had never suspected this, and she should have seen and she passed. But Arthur had heard enough. He lifted the little trembling hand—trembling now with the pain she was trying to suppress—and its quivering lips, and without another word he went his way.

"Arthur came home—to his mother's—to which he rejection, though he believed before that he cherished no hope, following the long struggle of his love, had made him seriously ill. I thought he had come home to die, but he only suffered, and before many weeks were passed was ready to take his place upon the world that had not softened to. Many men would have called Laura Manners a coquette, and cursed all women for her falseness; but Arthur could not stoop to an injustice, and Laura was still the object of his reverence, as well as of his love.

"Laura began to love him from the moment she rejected him, yet was not conscious of it herself, and so it may have been—but a woman of large-loving nature like hers could hardly listen unmoved to the eloquent words she had not addressed to her, could hardly catch glimpses of the happiness of a home in the heart laid before her, while her own was a fair page on which as yet no name was written, and not yield to the intense subtle magnetism of the spirit.

"While his parting him was yet wet upon her hand, and ere yet the color done had closed behind him, she would have given much for strength to call him back; but she dared not yield to her heart's impulse, and with eyes swimming in the bitterest tears she had ever shed, she saw him move slowly down the street before the burden of a disappointment more could measure so well as she.

"She loved him well and fondly from that hour—she was like one overwhelmed with a bitter illness grief when the tidings of his dangerous illness reached her—she was like one in a trance of joy for days after the news of his recovery came to fill her with delight. She had not known what an interest by passionate life is hidden beneath that quiet, dreamy exterior—what depths of power her

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

COME.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come from your long, long resting
Come from your quiet sleep;
Come to me tender and tried and tried,
And I shall be thine though.

Where your each leave lees farting
What would have been to you now,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
Or then my come to me now!

Beautiful, and lonely;
Fair, and forgotten of men;
All, all are nothing, if only
You rise from the hungor to me.

Of mass though you be unforgiven,
Though great be your transgression,
I'll pray till I weary all Heaven,
If only you come back alive!

PAUL WHATELY'S ANGEL.

BY MARY O. VAUGHAN.

Paul Whately was the stiddy little son of a poor widow, who lived in a little brown wooden house on the outskirts of a straggling New England village. He was eight years old when he first went to school, though his mother had read him before he taught him to read, as he sat upon a stool by her side, and all the time piping the needle, would also added something to her scanty income, with unceasing industry.

It was a bright summer morning when Paul hung up his straw hat in the school-house entry, for the first time. The school had commenced, for he had heedfully lingered until the noisy group, that had gathered before the door, were called in, before he made his appearance. His coarse garments were extremely neat, and his pale little face was quite clean-shave, while his soft brown hair hung in the pretty ringlets that his mother had twisted around her finger before he left home. With a like spelling book in his hand, he crept shyly in, and timid bashfully and blushing like the poor.

The mistress did not see him at first, for she was busily occupied in hearing the class in the English Reader, but presently, when the scholars began to read in their turn, Paul rose on his feet and point at the poor little fellow, she turned round and saw him standing there. Then she went and took him by the hand and led him to a seat.

Paul sat up straight, looking before him and holding his spelling book in his hands, until the teacher had finished hearing the class. When they had taken their seats, she came to him again and asked his name, and how old he was, and if he could read. And when she had heard him read a little, she gave him a book to study, and told him what class he would be in, and that when it was called he must come with the rest.

Paul took his eyes very closely upon his book for a long time, well, when he had read it through several times, his attention wandered and he began to look what was passing round him. Certain flashing movements at the desks opposite to him had attracted his attention, from time to time, and he ventured at last to peep from under his hand, between lashes in that direction.

There he saw a little head, bent till the long, light curls—such the faces, forsooth, almost hid the natural spelling book upon the desk, but only for a moment. The curls were floating about with constant, vivacious movements of the little head, that presently disclosed a pair of eyes, dimpled all over with smiles, a tiny red mouth, bright eyes, and a busy white brow. Altogether was a little girl nearly of his own age, a bright, restless creature—one of those "unsuspected" who seem to be endlessly engaged, although at the same time a fourth trial to nervous people—such as bachelor uncles, invalid mammas, and old maid aunts, are cases generally.

But to Paul, who was entirely unused to the society of children, and who was attracted by an irresistible power toward all things beautiful, she was as an angel out of Heaven. He continued to gaze upon her, in his delight, entirely forgetful of his degrees, and she, all the while, was busy with this, and moving restlessly about with a motion that flashed her long curls over her shoulders and face. When Paul's class was called he did not hear, and the teacher came to bring him and he awoke as out of a dream.

When school closed Paul hung back shyly until all were gone. But when he went out he found the little girl waiting for him, upon the porch, and she walked along by his side toward his home. She rattled away with childish vivacity, asking him many questions, and giving him a great deal of information, and he replied to her:

"Do you live here?" said she, as he turned to enter. "What a queer little house! Is your mamma, little boy?"

"Paul Whately," he said. "Now, please, tell me your name."

"Oh, I'm Angela Bernard—Angel," my papa calls me. I live up there," pointing to a large, white house upon an eminence near.

The bell looked sad now, that it was the fine new house, which he had heard his mother say had been lately built by judge Bernard, the richest man in the city to live there.

"Hey! I call you Angel, too," he said. "You look as I always thought the angels did, when my mother has told me about them. A great deal braver than I have been these last few days, since even mother weeping because she feared I would die, I have felt quite happy because I should soon go to live with the angels above the sky. Only that mother would be sorry, I should have liked to die."

The little girl had been holding his hand, and dancing up and down, but she stopped short, and stopped and looked at him steadfastly.

"You are a strange little boy," she said at last; "but I will be your angel now, and then you will not want to go away from your mother, and from me."

She came very close and kissed him, with her rosy lips to her children's forehead, then she bounded away and left him standing there all flushed with a pleased astonishment, mingled with alarm, and gazing after her until his mother called him to come in.

Thus Paul Whately first met the angel of his life. In childhood there was no close-drawn barrier of caste, or rank, between the son of the poor widow and the daughter of the rich man. They walked together, hand in hand, to the little brown school-house, where they both obtained the rudiments of education, and after they played by the widow's fireside, or in the garden, with the store of quaint, old-fashioned furniture, and clothing and miscellaneous lumber, which was Angela's playground at her home. They studied, and practiced, and walked together, and in fact, became inseparable companions; sharing books, playthings, grief, fruits and flowers, all they possessed.

They were not separated until the time arrived when Angela was sent to a boarding school, to finish her education. Paul was greatly irked by this separation, and his health would doubtless have suffered for grief he felt, had it not also been arranged that he should enter as pupil a large academy in a neighboring town. Mrs. Whately had long lamented her inability to give her son such an education as she wished and as he desired; and she lamented the fact more when she listened to Angela's accounts of the progressions that were making by her going to school, and saw Paul's look of dejection.

At this period, perhaps a week after Angela's departure, during which time Paul had pined and wandered aimlessly about his accustomed resorts, he came to his astonishment, and he had become interested in Paul and Paul vanquished at the Academy.

During their school-days Paul and Angela received constant letters from each other. Sometimes Angela was traveling with her friends, writing the vacations scenes she was filled with the pleasure she gathered the girl's youth; sometimes, while he, remembering the most of Judge Bernard's aid, worked very hardly during his visits at home, at studying things in which he could assist.

Their school-days closed at about the same period. Angela came home a beautiful, accomplished young lady, pre-eminently admired and sought after. Lila opened before her full of rose bloom and promise of joy. She took her place and queen in society with a right regal grace, that made her rule and delight to be her subjects.

Mrs. Whately died just as Paul, having completed the term of his industrious, was ready to establish himself in business in the world. And now in his native village, unless the fact that Angela's father was the richest man in the town, with the most extensive business, he would have been a very ordinary young man, of but few attainments, and of but little promise.

He resolved to seek the West—that field where the sons of New England have been wont to display the energy and traits of character which belong to their race. He went almost hopeless, so far as judging from appearances, he did not know that with her beauty, and her wealth, and all her accomplishments, she would be a prize that any head love was in marriage, by some fortunate man; but thinking of her as the "Angel" of his youth, and as he made himself, for her sake, all that she, in her sisterly regard, could desire to see him.

He did not decide where upon the nucleus of a great city had already been established. He had selected his place wisely, for there was room and demand for the services of competent mechanics. His knowledge of architecture helped him, as the time went by, to make a good deal of money, and other public buildings, as well as fine dwellings, were constantly required. After that meeting they relations changed. Angela, children herself, seemed to have grown older in the years that had passed since she left her father's house, and he, a man. And presents, and loving words in proportion, of which she had been so unconstantly receiving from her, to keep her memory warm in the hearts of her friends.

Paul was constantly receiving them. Paul Whately's daughter stood upon the threshold of womanhood, and he was a man, with the ripe years of manhood, and he, nearly all their lives, fulfilled the duties of brother and sister, and more especially, the duties of a mother. In the parting hour Paul learned that she had long known all the love that he had for her, and that she had been comforted by the thought that she had come to be dearer to him than all the world, knowing all that she had so faithfully performed for him and his, during those years of childhood. He felt that he loved and honored her far more in that hour than ever before; and a pang of sorrow went through his heart, as he thought of parting from her, from before he could prove his gratitude and love.

The flowers planted by the hands of her fathers and brothers, mourned for his companionship, the grave of Paul Whately's wife, when he set out to visit Angela. He felt that he, who had always been so much to her, and who had had little else upon her heart, even if she still felt something of the old gratitude, must be dear to her now, for more than ever before; and a pang of sorrow went through his heart, as he thought of parting from her, from before he could prove his gratitude and love.

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Paul was a strong man, but he was bowed by this change in his life, and built up a new structure of hope, all unconsciously, and when it fell in ruins the shock was terrible. It was not unlooked for. He was not all deceived, for had she not promised to be his "Angel" still? His sweet about his life-work just as he had done before, to all outward appearance, and none knew how the buoyant hope that had sustained him had slipped away. After he heard of Angela's marriage his life was very monotonous and cheerless—he felt, more and more, the need of female companionship and a home. His great house stood empty, with echoes in all the wide, lofty rooms. If Angela were never to dwell there, why should he not seek some loving, heartedwoman, he asked himself, and fill the house he had prepared for himself with the voices of a wife and children, if God should grant him the great happiness of being a father.

He had been absent from home as he had sought for, and was happy. But after two or three years, with a peaceful and quiet, his young wife passed from his side and went down into the grave. She left behind her two lovely little ones, bequeathing them with her latest breath to his tender care. One of them—a tiny infant—he named Angela, and then, for the first time since he had learned that his "Angel" was not to take her place by his side, he wrote to her. And she replied with a letter full of tender

sympathy, thanking him for giving her name to the little one, and sending many messages of comfort. Paul found himself very lonely. He had no mother, no sister, to make his home less-able to him. His children, committed to the care of strangers plied and sickened. They languished for the care of a mother, as he, with his loving heart and social nature, pined for the society of a wife. And so, after a time, he married again. There was no love for him in his marriage than the first. He had loved his dead wife only second to Angela—he decided even now that his love for Angela had become but the affection of a brother. This time, he had thought much of his children's needs, and the lady he made his wife called forth sentiments of respect and admiration, and even of gratitude for love in return, but he himself, she always presented herself to his mind as connected rather with the happiness of his little ones, than his own.

Six months after this marriage he learned that Angela was a widow. Traveling east with his family, he sent her in the city where he took up his abode for a few weeks. She had come to the house of her husband with the estate of her deceased husband, and was stopping at the same hotel with him himself.

Their meeting was most friendly, and even affectionate. They met like two old friends, and like old friends. Angela's interest in her friend's little ones, made her, if possible, more endearing to them, than she had been before, while her demeanor towards his wife was gentle and kind. The old feeling came back, it fell regrets for his hasty marriage, now that Angela was free, a doubtless in the mind of his own every eye, and the friends parted without one allusion to the hopes, or feelings, of other days.

Paul only knew and felt that she was his "Angel" still, and that she could be nothing more. A household endurance would render him unworthy of her. He sank down into the quiet of his own fireside, and resigned. After that meeting their

Five years from the time he commenced upon his life-work in his native village, he left it, and went over all the Western country, as "Whatley, the great architect," and at last, in a large city, he found the little girl waiting for him, upon the porch, and she walked along by his side toward his home. She rattled away with childish vivacity, asking him many questions, and giving him a great deal of information, and he replied to her:

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG LADY follows us that sometime since she entered into a marriage engagement with a young man whom she supposed to be of irreproachable character, but that within a short time it has been discovered that he had formerly been very dissipated, but been induced for a cross but entirely changed his course in the institutions, and has been living in the town in which she resides under an assumed name; and our "Young Lady" wishes to know whether she should feel in his current solicitations and marry him, or break off the engagement. We should not advise the former course, by all means. The decision can be very quite correctly if the gentleman will make a full confession of his former life, and promise you his past history. If he is truly worthy young man in will do this no harm to undergo a long probation; and if he is a young lady who will be willing to wait for him with his word. Should he refuse to comply with you, you will be quite sure that he is not worthy of your confidence, and that the proper course for you is to break off the engagement.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—You describe the symptoms of a young lady in love, and ask what is to cause and the remedy. The courage him a little, and let her own conscience—blame him. Perhaps he is not aware of your feelings toward him, and he may be doing nothing wrong. Should you be sure that he is aware of your feelings toward him, and that he is doing wrong, you could not do better than to break off the engagement. Should you be sure that he is aware of your feelings toward him, and that he is doing wrong, you could not do better than to break off the engagement.

F. M. E.—It will be very hard for your friend to get over your disappointment. Should you be sure that he is aware of your feelings toward him, and that he is doing wrong, you could not do better than to break off the engagement.

SARAH.—See answer to "Kentucky Girl."

P. R., Philadelphia.—The law as it stands with respect to marriage is perhaps not in accordance with the principles of civilization, but it is stringent and good enough in true cases where one does not desire to get divorced. There is the straightforward statement that you have set about yourself. We do not suppose you have been guilty of any crime, and we self acquainted with not one single passage in the history of your case. You know not who were the parties to the contract, nor the circumstances, nor friends. Her place of abode was a mystery to you—how then can you expect us to know it? None could tell you what the law has enumerated. Well, she has married another, and you are free to marry, and you have a right to marry. But who is going to tell you that you can marry? Are you not ignorant about her, and is the fact that you are ignorant about her, and is the fact that you are ignorant about her, and is the fact that you are